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A THANKSGIVING BALLAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWNE.

Is it possible? Well, now, I'd never have thought
That this day would have slipped from my mind—
Tho' the desolate changes that years have wrought
Are not a quickener of memory, I find;
And sometimes I even forget if there be any object in living—
But that's nothing here nor there. And so this day is Thanksgiving!

I think, sir, that if you had told me once
I should ever live to forget this day,
I'd have summed you up, sir—well, as a dunce,
And qualified that in some mild way;
It's a blessed thing, sir, for man that the future's beyond his knowing,
A blessed thing, sir, indeed. How biting this wind is that's blowing!

Step in? Well I didn't mean that as a hint,
But I'll go, as invitations are sleek,
And at present my purse isn't quite a mint,
While my wardrobe I bear on my back.
You'll excuse me, however, I had, sir, no thought of making a visit,
It is something out of my line. Ah! this is your home, then, is it?

A charming fire! I appreciate that,
And, because of its rareness, enjoy it the more—
You needn't have minded about my hat;
It wouldn't have hurt it to lie on the floor—
I thank you, sir; it's years since any have taken the trouble
Of offering me a seat. My thanks to you are double.

And so this is Thanksgiving Day: and I,
If we hadn't have met in the street,
Should have let it pass unknowingly by:
I'm glad, sir, by Jove, that we did chance to meet!
And why do I cherish the day? Well not, sir, from Plymouth Rock story;
The fact is, like most other men in the world, my life has its story.

Relate it to you? Well, now, I don't mind,
In the warmth and coziness here, if I do,
Especially since you have been so kind;
I ought to repay you in some way, 'tis true.
Though 'twill prove but a poor recompense, yet the spirit of gift is the giving,
And so I will tell you my life—that has grown but a burden from living.

You see, sir, some twenty odd years ago,
When the world to me was a different thing,
The future a radiant realm, a glow—
Or something like that, as the poets sing—
When hopes burned high, and life—well, life was worth the living—
This day was fixed for my marriage day—this day of Thanksgiving.

You find it hard to believe, I presume,
As you look at me now with an inward smile;
Hard to believe that the settled gloom
Of my face was brightened to joy for the while.
But it was, sir, and I, whom you see sitting here, unsheltered and friendless,
Once looked on life as a gala-day, whose joys were endless.

Could I with with an artist's skill and care
Paint for you here a picture, sir,
Of beauty, of love, of tenderness rare,
Of all that is good, I would paint for you her.
I would paint for you her whose face is ever and always near me,
Whose angel-eyes look down to comfort and to cheer me.

Well, sir, Thanksgiving came, the day
That should have brought no saddening cloud;
It came, and she, my darling lay,
Her bridal robes turned to her shroud.
I beat above her coffin'd form, with eyes all tearless,
And lo! the world became a blank, so desolate, so cheerless.

They buried her, sir, and in her grave
Was buried forever and ever to me
Ambition and hope, and all things save
The one sweet thought of her memory.
With this I drifted forth in the world, uncared for, uncaring,
With frenzy, or now with patience, my burden of sorrow bearing.

You tell me the day has come, sir, again,
The day once held so sacred, so dear;
And I, the wretchedest outcast of men,
In want and in rags sit sorrowing here.
When I think, sir, of what I am and of all that the past portended,
Do you wonder I sometimes wish that the wearisome strife was ended?

Do you wonder that life seems only a weight,
A heavy and burdome thing to bear?
That oftentimes I curse the fate
That rendered so bitter what promised so fair?
(Ah sir! these words sound harsh to your ear. In ease and in plenty
One's faith is easily kept, and mine was perfect at twenty!)

And so I've strayed me, wretched, alone,
Not living the present, but ever the past;
Counting the weary days that have flown,
As bearing me nearer toward the last.
I have striven sometimes to forget—and ah, sir! how hopelessly striven
My thoughts rush back to the past, as tho' resistlessly driven!

And even now, through the lapse of years,
As I wander the streets with swimming eyes,
I see through the mist, bitter tears,
The form of my long-lost darling arise.
And she looks with a pitying love—with a long and tender yearning,
That dims my old weak eyes, and sees my brain to burning.

I think, sir, that when November's breath
Has withered the leaves of autumn again,
I shall then have laid me down in death,
And forgotten this world of care and pain.
And I think, sometimes, in that land—that land of perfect living—
That I and my darling shall meet in the joys of pure Thanksgiving!

A LILY AND A ROSE;
OR,
THE SCHEMER AND HIS VICTIMS.

CHAPTER XLIX.
NEMESIS.

Mr. Raymond Garton's carriage stopped the way. A crowd of policemen kept the path clear from the stone entrance to the magnificent equipage, standing with its thoroughbreds pawing the ground impatiently, and tossing their glossy heads with aristocratic *hauteur*. A line of awe-stricken plebians lined the path to watch the millionaire enter his carriage, and pushed forward to stare with open mouths at the gorgeous flunkeys. At last he came, when the horses had pranced themselves nearly mad, and the line of ragged children and idlers had grown indolently restless, the great man came slowly down the massive stone steps. His brow was as unruffled and smooth as ever, his smile as calmly placid and pleasant as usual, and his attire as perfect as it was possible to be. There was something for a moment with a benevolent smile, and stepped out of his way to pat a little child's head. As he did so his gold-headed cane dropped from his hand. A man, standing at the front of the gazers, who had been regarding the millionaire with hawk-like eyes and pale face, leapt forward, and pushing the flunkeys aside picked up the stick, and handed it to its owner. Raymond Garton, with a "Thank you, my man," looked up and met the dark eyes fixed on his. There was something in the stern face and scrutinising gaze, in the head with its closely prison-cropped hair, that made him, for what reason he could not tell, turn cold, but he met the scrutinising eyes unflinchingly, and slipping his hand into his waistcoat pocket, held out half a sovereign. The man shot one glance at the coin, and then lifted his eyes again to those of the millionaire. From the turn of his head it seemed as if he wanted to hear the coin ring against a counter. And when Raymond Garton said impatiently:—

"Here, my good man, here is a coin for you."

His face turned white, his eyes shot fire, and bending forward he seized the hand that held the coin, with a sudden grasp of iron, tore the money from the palm, bent forward once more, and then darted away.

Mr. Raymond Garton looked at his soiled and crunched glove with a shudder of exquisite horror, and entered his carriage. The horses leapt forward, the footman sprang up behind, and the equipage dashed down the street. And as it turned the corner a huge figure stepped stealthily into the sunlight, and half running, half walking, followed on and kept the carriage in view.

The silent shadow had no word nor uttered any threat, but ever followed on, waiting and watching from that hour until the hour of reckoning came.

* * * * * * *

The Academy had been opened and closed. There had been many successes, but none so complete and vivid as Leonard Grantley's. His picture, entitled "A Broken Life," had won admiration and applause, even from the art critics, and the world was more clamorous than ever for something from his hand. Money was no inquiries as to the whereabouts of the famous young artist, and many were the aristocratic art patrons who anxiously sought for him, but to one and all, save his faithful friend, Joseph Bolton, he was refused. He had smiled but rarely before the sudden tidings of Lillian's death; now he never smiled at all, and his life was spent either at his easel or wandering through the leafy woods, communing with the past, and striving hard to play the man and learn forgetfulness through hard work.

His physical strength remained to him; his arms were as muscular and brawny as the day when he crushed the silver tankard, but his mental strength grew weak. His face, lined with dark thought and weariness, told the story of the pain within, and the dark eyes, grown larger and softer in these later days, whose radiance when he lifted them from the glowing canvas and fixed them on one's face. Had any one told him that he should ever grow to love a woman as he loved the wife who was no wife to him, he would have laughed their assertion to scorn, but like other men, he could not gauge his own heart, and the woman he had loved passionately in the days when he held her in his arms as how loved devotedly, proudly, truly, now lay in her shroud in the embrace of the last and most powerful lover—death. His life at the cottage was one of unruffled quietude. Woolly Bob, as the carrier was called, looked upon him with unmitigated awe and reverence, and never passed the mysterious studio save on tiptoe, and Mrs. Woolly Bob took a motherly interest in the grave, deep spoken gentleman, and had a great care for his worldly comforts. But there was one other in the house, the pale faced girl whom he rescued from the storm, but whose name for the present was Mary, who watched the artist with solicitous eyes, and anxious thoughtfulness. She it was who placed the bouquet of flowers each morning on his frugal breakfast table, and her hand poured out the coffee and cut the bread and butter for him. And let me tell you there can be love service even in such small tasks as these. In a thousand ways she seemed to understand his wants before they were uttered, and often he would be surprised to find in the evening little comforts he had wished for in the morning and yet had not asked for.

His studio, unlike the studio of early days, was kept in thorough order, yet in such order that familiar things were never stowed away out of the reach of his hand. How often has the man of business, the unfortunate author and the luckless artist, cause to curse the meddling housemaid who insists upon arranging his papers carefully, heaping up his manuscripts and stacking his brushes in the process of her tidying up! Rose was more careful with the artist's lumber than a miser of his gold, and left numberless little articles just where they were after robbing them of their dust coats. And of this watchful servitude Leonard was duly conscious and thankful, often thanking the pale-faced girl for some little considerate act, always bringing the color to her face with his grave, sonorous voice and dark eyes. One morning, soon after Lillian's escape from Nairn, Leonard arose from his breakfast, and calling to Jim to bring the easel, gathered up his paint brushes and walked towards the wood. He had a piece of forest scape to finish for a nobleman, and was tempted by the glorious sun and sky to do it that morning, though other matters were as pressing. Tim, who was staying for a while at the cottage, left there by his rightful master, bounded out of the kitchen, with Scratch on his shoulder, at the sound of Leonard's voice, and transferring six inches of bread and butter to his mouth, to enable him to carry the easel, followed after.

"Where shall I set it, sir?" he asked, with some little difficulty, owing to the bread and butter.

"Here, Tim, please," said Leonard, pointing to a little lawn-like opening in the glade.

"Oh, ah, where it was the other day, sir," acquiesced Tim, planting the easel on the spot and bestowing a worm on Scratch.

Leonard prepared his brushes and commenced at once, stopping only to watch a lark that rose over the spot and darted to heaven's gates with a morning greeting.

"May I stop a little while to get a few of these 'ere little 'uns?" asked Tim, on the hills, plucking the wild bells.

"Of course, Tim, if you like," said Leonard, kindly. "Stay as long as you like, and talk if you like."

"Thank ye, sir. I know you don't *allus* like to have anybody bothering near you; and no wonder," he added, nodding his head wisely at the canvas. "When a gentleman has got anything of that there sort to do, Scratch, he don't want to be annoyed," and Tim shook his head with decided sternness.

"You won't annoy me, Tim," said Leonard, painting on. "Who are you gathering those flowers for?"

"Why, Mary, sir," replied Tim. "Ah, ain't she a stunner!" he exclaimed, with another shake of the head, and so decided a one that Scratch announced his disapproval of all such manifestations by a dismal "Craw."

"She is a good one, if you like, sir. It's my opinion Mary's a real Keristean. Look at her, as I says to Mister Bolton, she looks like a hangel already, with her white face and pretty eyes, and she's as soft spoken as one of them there deer there," and Tim pointed to a doe moving with proud stateliness beneath the trees.

"You like Mary, Tim?" said Leonard, stepping back to view a shade.

"I reg'lar loves her, sir!" replied Tim with emphasis; "and so does all of 'em. The carrier, old Woolly says she's like his Martina—his daughter as died, you know, sir—and Mrs. Bob calls her her dear alius. Look here, too, there's Mister Bolton, as hates most women, why he's took quite a fancy to Mary, and lets her cut his sandwiches, which he never used to let any gal do one time. Our Scratch even, the old rascal, don't yelp half so loud at Mary as he do at the rest of the women. Oh, Mary's a stunner, sir! Don't *you* think so?"

"Yes, Tim," said Leonard, gravely, turning round to look at the lad, as he carefully tied his little bunch of bells together with a piece of string which he had pulled out of his pocket. There was always string, and pretty well everything else, in Tim's pockets.

For a moment or two Leonard sat motionless, gazing at the boy with dreamy eyes. Mary! He seemed to remember something about her now, she was brought before him so distinctly. Seemed to remember her name or her face—or a something about her! No, it could not be, and he turned to the easel again.

"I'm going now, sir" said Tim, touching his hat. "Anything to go up to the house—Oh my, ain't that a beautiful blossom?" and he broke off to point to a bunch blossom that a creeping wild plant had carried to the bough of an old oak above Leonard's head.

"Yes, that's very beautiful, Tim," said Leonard, looking up at it.

"Ain't it just, sir," said Tim, adding, "Shouldn't I just like that for Mary?"

Leonard rose and walked to the tree.

"You shall have it, Tim," he said, quietly, and raising himself against the trunk of the oak he caught at the branch and, hanging, swung himself hand over hand until he reached the blossom, then he dropped to the ground.

Tim stared with all his might.

"Why, sir, you're like one of those fellows on the—the—what do they call it—at the music hall—flying *trapeze*. Ain't this a stunning blossom? almost as stunning as Mary herself. Won't she be pleased with it? She's almost as fond of flowers as you are, sir," and Tim, with many additional thanks, thustled Scratch on to his shoulder again and trotted off.

Leonard settled down to his work again and his own thoughts. The wood was very beautiful, lit up by the rays of the morning sun, and filled with the music of the restless birds and the perfume of the wild flowers springing up at his feet, and twining themselves lovingly round the old oaks and elms, and the beauty of the scene stole into the artist's heart and thence on to the canvas. He was working with the rapidity acquired by practice combined with genius, when Mary came through the trees, bearing a snowy basket. Her pale face lit up with a soft smile as she saw him.

"I have brought you some luncheon, sir," she said, simply, going on her knees on the grass directly, spreading the cloth over the soft turf, and setting out the crusted loaf, the tempting looking meat, white butter and strawberries and cream.

Leonard came towards her.

"You are very kind, Mary," he said, paint brush in hand, looking down at her pale, upturned face. "Very kind and thoughtful—you are always so. Have you ever seen me before I came to the cottage?" and he waited for her reply with thoughtfully knitted brows.

The girl's eyes filled with tears as she bent her head again.

Leonard looked at her earnestly.

"I thought I must have been wrong," he said, musingly, "but I fancied I had seen you somewhere else than Ditton."

The girl shook her head respectfully, and picking up her basket, walked away.

Leonard threw himself down beside the food, but looked after her still thoughtfully.

CHAPTER L.

Leonard was not hungry, yet the pleasant, appetising viands tempted him and he ate a little; then, lying back against the tree, pulled out his pipe and smoked, his eyes fixed upon the blue sky that shone clearly through the gaps of the trees overhead. His pipe finished, he rose and went to work again, working with that absorption that comes over a man when he must be either working or thinking, and so it was that he was undisturbed, and he that when Rose came, a few hours later, he did not hear her, and she took the remains of the luncheon away without his seeing her. The sun fell slowly through the sea of blue, and still he worked on, until the crimson fell across the canvas and the birds soltened their songs; then he turned from the easel with a sigh, and covering his eyes with his hands, ceased to work and commenced to think. A little way off the weir sang its everlasting song, and the river rushed on swiftly and ceaseless ly to its rest. If he could rest, if he could forget! Forget the love that had slain his life! Why could he not forget like other men? Others loved and lost, and lived to love, aye, and lose again! Why should not he? Ah, no, his love was different from theirs; his love had grown into himself, heart of his heart, soul of his soul, and so it would remain, dying not until he died. And at the thought he glanced at his easel and wondered how long it would last. How long the joyless life would be span out. How long before he should—if the preachers were right—see her whom he loved, loved now with all his heart and soul, and clasp her to his heart, all forgiven, and all forgotten save his love! And at the thought he turned with a moan and saw the figure of a woman standing in the crimson of the sunset. He looked as one looks when one's eyes behold a vision of the dead, then he flung his hands before his eyes and cried with a cry that tore his heart:—

"Lillian—dead!"

The bushes rustled, the figure drew nearer. He, thinking his diseased fancy had called this spirit of the dead to life, drew his hands from his white, quivering face, and saw—

Oh, God! could it be Lillian herself—in life?

He staggered and threw out his arms feebly for support, then, as if with a supernatural effort, sprang forward, and with the grasp of a giant caught her in his lithe arms.

"Alive or dead!" he breathed, through his clenched teeth, "you are mine!"

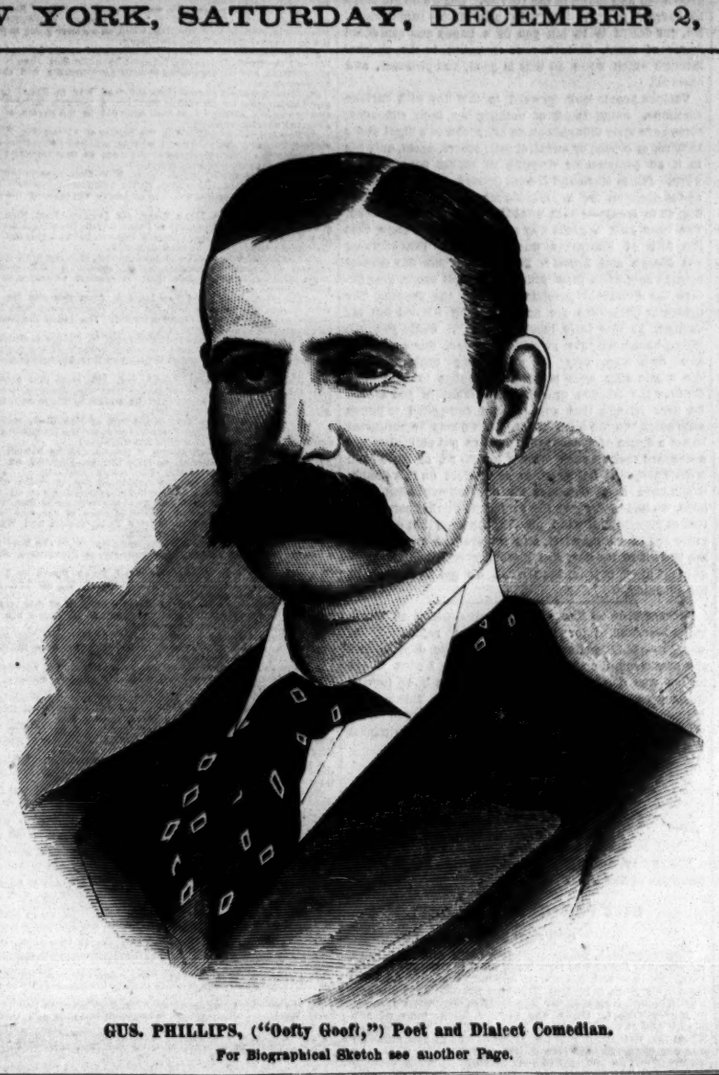
She threw her arms round his neck with a great cry:—

"Leonard!" and then he knew that it was her in life—his Lillian, his love.

God was merciful in sparing him his reason at that moment, for it tottered and nearly fell at that intense agony of doubt and delight. He pressed her to him till she moaned for breath. He called her names with such passionate wealth of love that the tears poured down her lovely cheeks, and she could not help kissing the pale, haggard face, he kissing her face, her lips, her eyes, her brain, with his soul in every kiss, and ever and anon breathing her name with every endearing epithet. He thinks the intense joy of those few moments was worth the months of sorrow and pain. At last they grew exhausted, and stood folded in each other's arms, gazing into each other's eyes, and the incubus slipped into minutes before they spoke. Then Leonard breathed:—

"Lillian! am I dreaming! am I dead and in this heaven! Oh, God, am I dead at last?"

She sobbed again, and struggled to free herself—drew him with a woman's strength and tenderness to the grassy bank. He sank on it like one in a dream, and then kneeling beside him, she bent and kissed him. He caught her in his arms again, and drew her down until her head rested peacefully and happily against his breast.



GUS. PHILLIPS, ("Oofty Goof,") Poet and Dialect Comedian.

For Biographical Sketch see another Page.

"Now," he said, "tell me all, at once!"

And she, lying there gazing into his dark eyes and flushed face, told him the story of deceit and devilry, holding him tightly while she narrated the passage of the locket and the letter, and he struggling to rise and shake his clenched and bloodthirsty fist. When she had finished, through his breath, that came fast and thick, he cried:—

"Oh, the damnable villain; I shall kill him!"

"Hush," she whispered. "Have you not me?"

Then she threw her white arms round his neck and drew his haggard face down to her soft one.

"My poor Leonard, how you must have suffered!"

And with a moan of pity she kissed him again passionately.

His face crimsoned hotly.

"I would suffer the torments of hell for such a reward," he whispered, pressing her to him. "But go on, my darling."

"I have told you nearly all," she said. "St. Aubyn, who was like a hero all the time, Leonard: ah, so good! go a maid for me at the village—Narin, you know—and then we traveled post haste for London."

"We knew everything; he said he learnt everything from the gravedigger at the churchyard, and the clever way in which Raymond Garton'—she shuddered at the name—"had got the priest to believe that the poor unknown girl who was buried was me. We came to London, and there we learnt that Raymond Garton had of course given out my death, proved it, and become possessed of the estates."

"And you did not send me the broken ring?" said Leonard.

For reply Lillian held up her hand, upon which the ring still glistened.

"The scoundrel!" breathed Leonard. "He must have forged your writing on the envelope and purchased a false ring!"

"Oh, Leonard, can you believe any one could be so cruel, so wicked? I—I not dreadful!" and she cried quietly.

"God bless St. Aubyn," said Leonard, hoarsely. "Where is he?"

"I do not know," repeated Lillian. "He left me at London with his aunt and my maid, and told me I was to keep myself carefully in hiding for a short time, but I cried and told him I could not, but that I must come to you; then he said he knew where you were, that you had grown famous and had returned from the world—but my heart yearned for you, for I knew you loved me still, and that he would bring me to you at once. Just as we were starting, while I was all in a tremble, a telegram came for him from somewhere, and he said he must go, and asked me to wait, but I would not, Leonard, and I told him I would take the little maid and come to you by myself, and that he might follow me and meet me and—you! Fancy, Leonard is *You!*—"

Here she stopped for breath.

"Go on!" he said, drinking in the sound of her voice.

"I cannot!" she said, closing her eyes, "let me tell you all to-morrow. Oh! how happy I am."

"My darling, my darling!" he whispered. "*My wife!*"

She started.

"Ah!" she said. "He may have deceived us there even!"

His eyes blazed like living coals.

"God have mercy upon him if he has!" he cried, "for I will have none."

Before he could speak the last words a cry rang through the woods and echoed in their hearts. It was the cry of a human soul plunging into eternity.

"Leonard, Leonard!" shrieked Lillian, clinging to him. "What is that?"

CHAPTER LI.
LILY.

Mr. Raymond Garton's carriage had broken down in the road, and the great man was standing with angry face and sullen eyes, glaring at the crushed wheel and the man who tried to lift his useless vehicle. One of the men touched his hat and rose, still looking at the crushed wheel.

"If you please, sir," he commenced fearfully, picking up a piece of wood, "there's been some foul play with this."

"What do you mean?"

Mr. Garton had grown restless. Society wearied him. The pittance of his freshly got gold blinded him, his guilty thoughts maddened him. Latest his whole aim had been to fly from these thoughts, and it was flying from these thoughts, dashing along in his traveling carriage drawn by his thoroughbreds, that he had met with this mischance. The axle tree had broken on the heavy road, and the great man's progress was at a stand still.

"Is there no blacksmith near?" he asked, sharply, of his servant.

"None, sir, I fear," said the man.

"And what place is this?"

"Well, sir, this must be Witton. I should think."

"You should think," repeated Mr. Garton, sharply.

"Well, sir, this 'ere has been sawed a quarter through."

"You fool!" exclaimed Raymond Garton, snatching the piece from his hand. "Who could saw it?"

"I don't know sir," said the man, with quiet respect. "But it has been sawn. I'll take my oath of it."

Raymond Garton glared at the piece of wood, and at the wheel and at the horses standing trembling.

"You are mad!" he said, sternly, "go and find out where we are."

The man turned, and, touching his hat, walked sharply away.

"What are these lines there?" he asked, turning to the other man.

"The railway, sir."

"Curse you for a fool!" exclaimed Raymond Garton, "can I not see that? What line? What rail? Where to?" and his eyes flashed fiercely, the man's black heart was on fire.

"I dunno, sir" said the man, sullenly.

"Then, d——n you, go and find out."

The man slunk away, and Raymond Garton threw himself on the turf, a victim of the over-turned carriage. In his pride at state he, and the slightest thing irritated him; the accident maddened him. Restless as a tiger, he rose and faced the road, then he turned and walked towards the forest, and as he did so the figure of a man, bent like a red Indian in the track, slouched behind the boles at his side. The man's face was bare, and there red and swarthy with exertion, looked like a snake's, and his eyes blazed like coals as they turned themselves on the exquisitely attired form slowly penetrating the wood.

Raymond Garton, his arms folded across his chest and his head bent thoughtfully, walked on, threading the narrow path through the trees, and at a little distance the dusky hiding figure followed after. At a turn of the wood where a little open space showed the railway lines beneath, Raymond Garton paused, the watcher pausing likewise, as if moved by the same muscles. Raymond turned to go back with an impatient oath, when there came a rustling of the leaves and a gentleman stepped out before him. With another oath Raymond Garton started back, and the new comer, in his turn, seemed surprised, but made no movement. The next moment Raymond Garton came forward and raised his hat:—

"Lord St. Aubyn, an unexpected meeting!" he said, with the old pleasant smile.

The stern face enshrined in its iron grey hair moved not a muscle.

"Unexpected, indeed, Raymond Garton," he replied gravely. "But it is well that we have met. I should have sought you to-morrow."

"Sought me!" repeated Mr. Garton, raising his eyebrows. "Indeed! I should have been delighted to see Lord St. Aubyn at any time. You know my place?"

"I do; and you!" was the stern reply, the cold, calm eyes fixed upon the painted face and lying forehead.

"You know me!" retorted Garton, with a sneer. "Pray do you mean anything offensive by that expression, my lord?"

And he strode up to him with the veins on his forehead swollen, but stopped out of arms reach, and sneering at the calm face—

"Ah, well, Lord St. Aubyn knows where to find me! I wish you good day."

"Stay, Raymond Garton!" said Lord St. Aubyn, "I have a message for you."

"A message for me!" repeated Raymond, "and from whom?"

And he paused, turning his eyes, fixed with cunning and hatred upon the stalwart form.

"From Lillian Grantley," came the reply, slowly. The craven face turned livid in the mellow light.

"Lillian Grantley!" he cried, hoarsely, "she is dead!"

"You lie, she lives!"

Raymond Garton turned like a snake, his white teeth shining between his blue lips—

"My lord has just returned from abroad, probably," he murmured, with an ugly smile; "he may not have heard the sad news of Lillian Grantley's death."

"I have just returned from Narin," was the calm, slow reply. "Lillian Grantley lives, and is here within an hour's walk. She is here, and I am with her to drag you, Raymond Garton, to justice!"

Raymond Garton turned like a snake.

"You lie!" he hissed.

St. Aubyn sprang up on him and caught him in his arms.

"Vile reptile!" he cried. "I can hold myself no longer. I will drag you with my own hands to justice!"

"You!" hissed Garton, struggling and writhing. "You drag *me* to justice," he hissed, like a serpent. "Lord St. Aubyn, I will drag you to the scaffold, and watch you hang there. *You murder er!*"

Lord St. Aubyn staggered and loosened his hold, stinging his hands before his eyes.

"Ah!" yelled Raymond Garton, in his turn seizing the horror-stricken St. Aubyn in his grasp. "Vile reptile yourself—I know it all now. You killed Harold Grantley on the Calais sands! I murdered him. Trust me, Lord St. Aubyn, for piecing a torn there together. You murdered Harold Grantley! Assassin!"

Hissing these words out like molten lead, straight into the ear of the prostrate man, Raymond Garton pressed his knees with murderous force upon his chest. Lord St. Aubyn, lying there beneath the gloating eyes, grew wild with the agony of the memory. This was retribution indeed! He made a great struggle to rise, grasping Raymond Garton's arms with a grasp of iron. For a moment he seem d likely to conquer in the fierce struggle, but Raymond Garton pressed his knee harder and harder against his chest, and a groan of agony burst from the suffering man.

"Ah, ah!" hissed the demon, gloating in his agony. "Who will drag me to justice now, Lord St. Aubyn?"

"I will!" cried a voice, hoarse, and a dirty, dust-stained man sprang suddenly upon the path, grasping the white throat of Raymond Garton with his death clasp. "I will! you wretch, you white-faced liar! I will! No! I'll kill you, as you killed her—my Rose! I'll break your body into pieces as you broke her soul. D'ye hear? I swore to God I'd kill you when I came across you, an' I'll do it, so help me God!"

"Help, help! mercy!" gasped Raymond Garton, turning his starting eyes round to where the still form of Lord St. Aubyn lay.

"Help! help!" echoed the man, mockingly, wrenching at the throat with fierce glee. "Did you help her, you devil! did you have any mercy on her? you ruined her body and soul—you betrayed her and left her to die! You shake your head, you cursed devil! I saw her on London bridge in rags—starving!"

The vile, dying wretch tried to speak, but the words would not pass the hole of shattered throat.

"You killed her, you devil. I'll kill you! You left her to die, I'll leave you here—dead. I'll——"

With one last effort, Raymond Garton gathered himself together and got one hand on the sinewy arm that held him, and tore at that till the blood started.

The maddened man—mad with the lust of revenge raised him by the side and threw him like a log and buried him from him. The mangled body rolled over the bank and on to the rails—then a shriek—the shriek that had rang in the lover's ears, burst from the mangled throat, a shriek echoed by a whistle along the line, by the rissing and panting of a great iron monster, and before the echo had died out, the blood of Raymond Garton was splashed upon the rails, and by the front and over the wheels of the express train that had put an end to all his plottings in this world, and dashed him, bleeding, into the agony of the next.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN AMERICAN EAGLE SLAUGHTERED BY A WOMAN.—Mrs. John Hurd, the wife of a farmer who lives near Waterloo, N. J., killed a full grown eagle in her barn-yard a week since. Hearing an uproar among the fowls, she went to her door to ascertain the cause. The eagle, which she took to be a large hawk, was battling with one of her Thanksgiving turkeys—the latter representing on being prevented by the eagle from carrying off the bird. Mrs. Hurd, not knowing what kind of a bird she had to deal with, seized a pitchfork and attacked the intruder to death. He measured seven feet one inch and a half across the wings.

DEJECTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Oh, what could have caused those looks of dejection?
That sweet, placid smile we thought was perfection,
That face, once so happy, so joyously free,
Is sad and dejected; oh, why should it be?
Is it aught we have said, or aught we have done,
Hath wrought this sad change in our once happy son?
It may be his young heart in secret is weeping,
Or sorrows safe locked within there he's keeping.
Or perhaps a dear one, with false, fickle art,
Has thoughtlessly, carelessly trampled his heart;
And trampled and baffled may not his young mind,
In drowning that anguish, a resting place find?
Where deep waters sparkle as onward they flow,
Where soft demon lights in their depths often glow,
As tempting the suffering heart there to lay,
From this bleak, friendless world, its troubles away.
But flow, yes, mock demons you're striven in vain
Within your dark waters this victim to gain,
For alas! oh, alas! one gloomy dark night
His eyes shone a terrible, desperate light;
We followed him close, his intentions to blight—
Too late, oh, too late—'twas a terrible sight!
His eyes rolling wild, his face from their place,
While a white frothy foam all covered his face;
One hand clutched a razor, the other his throat,
While o'er his intention most wildly he'd gloat.
The deed was soon done, his wished was his craving,
For alas! he had finished, just finished, his shaving!

G. L. H.

THE CALL BOY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

His age in his novitiate ranges from twelve to fourteen; he is, indeed, the smallest twig we find shooting forth on the theatrical tree, and his child's existence is of a theatrical hot house growth, for his dramatic schooling is with, as a rule, superlatively worldly men, and superlatively worldly women, and early fed on all the good and all the evil springing from that peculiar tree, the tree of theatrical knowledge, he seldom fails in one or two brief seasons to bloom forth a knowing blade, with an "old head on young shoulders," a cute customer indeed. In a word, a genuine

CALL BOY OF THE PERIOD.

And now he has probably reached his sixteenth year, and if so, he has certainly achieved his first ambition, and carries a watch; perhaps 'tis only silver, attached with a natty ribbon to his button hole. But as to that time, he will vouch for its correctness to a second against any gold chronometer in the theatre, and at the commencement and close of each performance compares it with the green room clock with the profoundest gravity, and to all the duties that pertain to his calling is as systematic as the director of a bank.

Promptly at his post beside the prompter's desk at night, and at the prompter's table in the morning, to the minute, he pins his faith on the prompter, and stands a little in awe of him; he is a little shy of the stage manager, too, always provided the stage manager thoroughly understands his business, for if there be the slightest flaw in that gentleman's managerial tactics, the call boy's quick eye detects it. And who has such opportunities for so doing as he? In such a case the secret contempt he feels is unbounded. The call boy rarely aspires to become an actor, and when he does he is an exceptional case; when he does go on for a part everybody employed behind the scenes evinces a more than common interest in him, and there's not an actor in the place who would think of refusing him the loan of any article of dress for the occasion, from the page's scarf to the plumes in his hat, for he is a general favorite. His own views as to the merits of the acting he sees may not be strictly reliable, and it is to be feared that the star who has been most munificent in remembering the call boy the last night of the engagement will always rank highest in his eyes as an artist. But his ambition pointing of tener towards the prompter's desk than to the footlights, his brain is ever busy with the hope of one day reigning there himself, and when the day comes, as it surely will—for he is in excellent training for the post—that a prompter he will make! He sails smoothly now, meanwhile towards that goal, but he has had his skirmishes in previous seasons, in those skirmishes has learned the rocks and shoals of theatrical waters, and has found a way to steer adroitly clear of most of them. No female blandishment can now seduce him into becoming the champion in a *ballet girl's* green-room or dressing-room quarrel. By no slip of the tongue will he now repeat to the *soubrette* what he overheard the low comedian say about her being a "mug," and the impossibility of "working up a scene with her." No bribe can now tempt him to smuggle in a glass of brandy to that ever thirsty individual, when against the rules of the theatre, and no cajoling can induce him to reveal the name of the piece, if still withheld from publicity, that is in preparation at the theatre where he is employed. All these errors are the things of the past, for which he has suffered; he has had his lesson and will profit by it, but let him steer his course as cautiously as he may, there are often breakers ahead that he sees, but feels he cannot overcome; let him make his calls ever so punctually from the green-room, there is always *some one* when late for the stage to put the blame on him, and swear "he never was called." Let the call-boy hasten with all dispatch to fasten up the "10 o'clock sharp" call for the morrow's rehearsal long before any of the performers have left the theatre for the night, and yet perhaps he will be told point blank by some actress to-morrow morning, when she comes hurrying on to the stage at eleven, that "he call wasn't up when she left the theatre," and the call-boy will be reprimanded by the management for his negligence; and what does the call-boy say? He says little, he has done his duty, and leaves the manager to find out as he may the petty shifts that negligent people resort to in the profession; and what do he think? He thinks if Holsour had been attending to *his* business, instead of telling his brother actors what a hit he made in that very part at such a theatre, with Mr. Phelps, or Mr. Buchanan, or Mr. Kean, or Mr. Somebody else, why he would have heard the call, that's all. And if Parthenia went home at night as soon as the performance was over, instead of going to an oyster supper and sitting up till two in the morning, why may be then she'd manage to get up in time for a ten o'clock rehearsal.

Indeed most of the call boy's annoyances arise from the negligence of others; he is reprimanded again and again for not calling in the parts of such a piece, when the run of the piece is over, and he has asked and asked the actor individually for them until he is weary. "I'll bring my part to morrow!" "I on shall have the part to-night," and that's all that comes of it. But he is perseverings, is the call boy, and will dog at this actor or that actress till they are fain to remember the parts, to get rid of his importunity. But he has duties not so irksome; he likes to carry the copy of the house bills and posters to the printing office, and the advertisements to the newspapers; he seems to know everybody and everybody him, though only by his surname, and few in the theatre know him by any other. He picks up bits of information in this office, and catches a few words of an interesting conversation in that, and while waiting about in another, scrapes acquaintance with a printer's devil down stairs and asks a few questions about his trade. He is often sent to the houses of different actors and actresses by the promptor's call-boy in cases where performers, absent from the previous night's performance are not cognizant of the coming rehearsal—and sees these gods and goddesses of the drama in their home *dishabille*.

The call-boy is seldom present during an entire rehearsal being dispatched here and there, to the post-office, to a theatrical book store, to another theatre to see if Mr. Such a One can be spared to perform such a part, in the case of some sudden dilemma, dispatched to see what detains the star, or sent to hunt up that unfortunate actor who never attends a rehearsal in proper time and knows but little about his part when he does arrive, and is quite unreliable by night as well as day; but, somehow, he'll learn in an engagement, and gets but little reprimanded by the manager, and but little fault found with him by the actors and actresses, whom he detains and too often embarrasses; he will be recognized by all professional people as one of those famed children of their profession who seems to have "his honors thrust upon him." The call-boy is an *fait* with regard to all the stores in town where theatrical goods are to be purchased, and to whom does the new French dancer apply for information relative to dancing shoes? To those of her own sex in the theatre? No, but to the call-boy, and he'll warn her from the place where snide dancing shoes, with no stiffening in the toes, are sold, and which wouldn't last her the night through, and warns other prospective buyers from suspicious tarnished spangle dealers, and suspicious "good night colored ladies." Goodness knows where he gets his information, but he is generally reliable authority. By ten o'clock at night he'll tell you "That new piece up at such a theatre or down at such a theatre is a fizzle," or "hit 'em heavy," as the case may be; he's heard the news before any one about him behind the scenes, whilst shooting in and out at the stage door.

The call boy has an eye to speculation, and often turns an honest penny by introducing second hand stage dresses, brought by needy folks to the back door, and gets his little percentage for his trouble; but in whatever transaction employed (save when making love) he always bears himself with a certain stateliness. Like the barber in Nicholas Nickleby, he finds it essential to his dignity to "draw a line somewhere," and he stops at a supper, though he will accept a few cigars from the hands of that individual, who in performance employed in a tobacco manufactory in the day time, but he receives them as a testimonial of his services as call boy at the theatre. The call boy is susceptible to the tender passion, and falls in love many times during a season; and if he be particularly engaging, in the opinion of considerable rivalry on the part of the ballet girls, the prettiest among whom he generally sews some after the performance, but, in truth, he is somewhat of a male Sir, and will cut a ballet girl to accompany some pretty actress home; but if she be old and ugly, he must allow himself to be often victim ized and cajoled by her, and is fertile with excuses in his standing one being:—"Would be very happy, but he has to go right away to the stage manager's." When the ballet girls have secretly determined on playing an innocent trick on some rich coxcomb of the theatre, who fancies every girl who looks at him is in love with him, who is every girl who looks at him is in love with him, who is gravely put to carry out the ruse but the call boy? And how choice to carry out the ruse but the call boy? And how choice he generally presents the note and bouquet to the guilty, gravely remarking:—"Left at the stage door for you," and coolly pocketing the note and bouquet to the gull, quietly bow patiently he waits next day at some appointed place out of sight, with a knot of giggling ballet ladies, to watch the dupe advance in expectation of meeting the fair unknown writer of the billet.

But the night's performance is about to commence, and he makes his music calls and his calls for the first act, and now we find him, perhaps, under the stage in the music room, picking up scraps of French and German, and listening to the history of Herr Schmitt's violin, a real Amati; and here he is again waiting by a trap under the stage, and it's his duty to stop the three fairies gagging and "oohing," and their little shrieks of alarm, as they go jerking up to public view; and here's the call boy, now, waiting at the door of an actress' dressing room and calling to her she has only two minutes more for her change; and now he's in the green room shouting his calls for the next act, and the next instant way up in the wardrobe, sent by the stage manager to know why in the world Mr. So-and-So's dress isn't ready and down in his dressing room; and now, being near the paint room, he flies in there to see how they're getting on with the scenes for the new show piece that they're obliged to work on now by night as well as day, to be ready in time, and the scene painter's even glad to see him, who is proverbial for being glad to see no one in his paint room; and see, the call boy's actually helping them to put the fire on the palace scene; nothing seems to come amiss to him; and now he's down behind the scenes again, listening to something the stage carpenters are saying; and so he goes on from day to day, and night to night, getting valuable knowledge, for the

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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Box 4,586 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

☞ We never answer questions by mail. All addressed to us seeking information will be answered through this column only.

M. D. B.—Performances have been often given in Milwaukee, Wis., in the German language, on Sunday evenings, by both professional actors and amateurs, and the performances have been attended by the best people in that city, of which the population is largely German. It being the custom in Germany to give such performances on Sunday evenings, the German residents of Milwaukee are but keeping up the custom of fatherland in so doing.

READER, Worcester.—1. The paper is not responsible for the correct keeping of the cue box. If you called the turn correctly you win your money, even if the last card was a deuce instead of a tray, as the cue box shows. 2. In cutting for the deal in euchre the Jack is the highest card. 3. The fastest mile time in America, in running, is 1:43, made by Salina and Fadladeen. There is no official time taken in England.

D. G.—A and B are playing casino. There is an 8 spot and a 6 spot on the board. A plays an ace on the 6, making it 7; B plays another ace on top, raising it to 8, and places the 8 spot on board on top of it, thereby preventing A from raising it any more. A claims that B has no right to use any of the cards on the board for building. Who is right?" B can do so, provided he holds an 8 in his hand to take it.

JUDY.—"A and B are playing four up. A deals; B, having one trump, stands. A holds no trump, and neither player holds a game card. B claims high, low and the game, and says Hoyle decides that where there is no game out, it is the same as a tie game, and is entitled to the non-dealer. Is it so?".....No; there being no game card out, game cannot be scored.

C. C., Belchertown, Mass.—The largest amount contributed by firms in England for the Chicago sufferers, so far as we have seen published, was £1,000 by each of the following:—Messrs. Baring, Morgan, Rothschild, and Brown, Shipley & Co., bankers. The Great Western and the Grand Trunk railroads of Canada also contributed $1,000 each in London.

G. B.—1. A forfeit was twice put up for a match between players and Mace, but in consequence of the remonstrance of Tom's friends it fell through both times. Mace consenting to a draw the first and receiving forfeit the second time. Articles of agreement were not drawn up. 2. Mace never forfeited to Wormald, but the latter did to him, owing to illness.

CONORAN, San Francisco.—The fastest passage from New York to Liverpool on record is 8 days 14 hours and 10 minutes, by the City of Brussels, Inman line, leaving New York Dec. 4th, 1869. Westward, 8 days 21 hours and 37 minutes, City of Paris, same line, leaving Liverpool Nov. 20, 1867.

C. C.—The tape must be loosened, and if the men fell *before* breasting it, no matter how far their bodies, after falling, may have extended over the line, they are not entitled to second place—unless they rise again and breast it in advance of those who were behind when they fell.

BROOKLYN PARLOR SKATER.—1. There are several who are better than the parties you mention, but it isn't probable they would enter into a match, for obvious reasons. 2. None of any note belong to the lady you refer to. 3. No. 4. Send us a challenge, accompanied by a sufficient sum of money as a deposit.

M. J. MCE., Boston.—As there is no likelihood of the party mentioned agreeing to what you propose (it being altogether different from what he stated as his desire) it would be useless to publish your letter. Besides, we have seen but few of those "effusions" you allude to.

BILLO, Montgomery, Ala.—"The cards played at cribbage are as follow:—A plays 5; B 1; A 2, and claims 3 for the run; B plays an ace and claims also 3 points for a run. Is he entitled to it?".....He is not, the first ace played stopping the sequence. A is entitled to 3 points of B's, the run of 5.

JUSTICE, New Orleans.—When the balls lie transverse in the corner of the table, either one touching a cushion, they are considered "crotched." This applies to the three-ball game, in which the carom is barred neither by rule nor custom, it being a special agreement.

L. M. W., Niagara Falls, N. Y.—1. The player stops as soon as he makes the winning shot, leaving the balls as they may have stopped on said winning shot." 2. The four ball rules govern the three ball game where the rules of the latter are silent.

BROWN AND ANDREW.—The bet must be decided by the state law of that state in which the parties were when the bet was made, viz., by the law of New Jersey. It is ridiculous to quote the law of the territory of Utah.

SUBSCRIBER, Pittsfield.—Your game cock is suffering from corns. The treatment is to foment well the feet and legs with warm water, and every night apply a poultice of fat salt pork to the feet, where the incrustations are.

READER, Saco.—1. Cutting at cribbage, and leaving the bottom card as the starter, is not a fair cut. 2. In the following played cards—4, 2, 3, 1, 5, 4—there are four consecutive runs or sequences, besides 2 points for fifteen, when the 5 was played.

F. L., Pittsburgh, Pa.—The "Black Crook" was first produced in this city, at Niblo's Garden, on Sept. 12th, 1866, and was withdrawn after the performances of Jan. 4th, 1868, having been represented 474 times.

C. A. W., New Orleans Minstrels.—Send description of what you want to one of those firms engaged in getting up work of that kind, and they, under certain conditions, will make the cut without charge. You will see their cards in another part of this paper.

A. A. ACTON, Jr.—A properly assized and well managed dramatic company might pay in western towns averaging twenty thousand inhabitants, and $1,000 ought to be sufficient to organize such and give it a start.

FOUR ATTENTIVE READERS.—It is wrong in claiming a run of three with his four spot; the cards running 3, 5, 4, 3, 4. The first four played stops the sequence of B's 4. A was entitled to 5 for his spot, 3 for fifteen and 3 for the sequence.

STANLEY, Boston.—1. Straights do not generally count unless so agreed before commencing play, and a straight flush only scores as a flush. 2. A is called and cannot raise it higher if cards have been drawn.

GYMNAST.—L. W. Maires' gymnasium is located on Eighth street, St. Mark's place; John Wood's, Twenty-eighth street, near Fifth avenue; Young Men's Christian Association, Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue. We cannot state their terms.

PYRRHUS, Meadville.—It was to be decided by the number of series won; a contingency arising, the number of lost games was brought in to settle the question. As we understand the bet, A is the winner.

FORBES, Louisville.—"At Casino A has built 7 and 2 to 9. Can B place an ace, which lays on the board, on the pile, and take it with a ten?".....He cannot.

FRANK, Boston, Mass.—1. Had you read the CLIPPER you would have seen their route ahead published every week. 2. Miss Ada Wray was born in London, England.

H. B. H., Pa.—Enclose a printed copy of the title page of the drama or book and one dollar, addressed to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., to secure a copyright.

R. E. M., Boston, Mass.—Miss Eliza Weathersby was born in England, and made her first appearance in America at Philadelphia, Pa., with the Elise Holt burlesque troupe.

MCGINNEY.—"In playing forty-five, diamonds are trumps, the ace of hearts is led, and the opponent having no trumps, is he compelled to play his ace?".....No.

J. W., Philadelphia.—1. A is entitled to the stakes on account of B's refusal to proceed with the match. 2. B had no right to claim the game of A's gun.

C. H. W., Syracuse, N. Y.—Joseph Jefferson was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 20th, 1829, and made his first appearance on the stage at the age of six years, at the Park Theatre, N. Y.

P. E. M.—As your contract was made in the United States, you can only demand payment in the currency of that country, unless otherwise stipulated in the contract.

BILL B., Boston, Mass.—1. See miscellaneous summary of foreign show news in present number. 2. The name you mention is her real name.

STOCKTON, Boston, Mass.—1. Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow is in England. 2. Mrs. J. H. Allen is in this city. 3. Miss Rose Skerrett is in Baltimore, Md.

C. M.—T. C. Faulkner, at the office of the *Commercial Advertiser*, attends to the business of the Burton Dramatic Association. We know nothing of the other.

L. C. R., Utica.—There are good game birds of every color and breed and we cannot decide any one kind to have preference over the others.

FORMOSA, Water Valley.—1. Yes, and resides in England. 2. Heenan is a blacksmith by trade. 3. He was in the New York Custom House prior to his fight with Morrissey.

R. E. M., Madison, Wis.—We do not believe that you can secure positions unless you have a knowledge of the business; and even then you will find it extremely difficult so late in the season.

C. H. and S.—The publication of an article of a like character on the same subject, induces us to respectfully decline the one sent by you.

L. W. AND J. K., Guttenberg, N. J.—Mace defeated King, Jan. 19th, 1863, and was beaten by the latter on the 26th of Nov., same year.

WALTER, Hartford.—1. Dunn is 5 feet 11 inches in height, and weighs 158lbs., in condition. He fought Elliott and Bill Davis. 2. A politician.

BUCKY, Albany, N. Y.—Yes; 18 miles were run in 18 minutes by a special train in England, and 14 miles in 11 minutes by a train on the Hudson River Railroad—locomotive and tender only.

CONSTANT READER, Providence, R. I.—1. Morrissey defeated Yankee Sullivan at Boston Four Corners, Oct. 12th, 1853. 2. On the line of the Harlem railroad, in Columbia county, N. Y.

J. F. C., Phila.—1. Setters are preferable to pointers for general shooting, as they are hardier and able to stand more fatigue. 2. The returns give Tweed's majority over Rossa as 11,779.

A CONSTANT READER.—Write to some of the other clubs on a sight for the money he had, or demand a reasonable time (which fifteen minutes undoubtedly is), to obtain the money.

ALFRED Baltimore.—1. Euchring a lone hand score two point. 2. At euchre, the player on the left hand of the dealer invariably leads.

J. S., Webster City.—If having made the two points he gave for the pitch, and only wanting one point, is out with his ace, which is high, and counts before Cat Low.

J. M. H., Martinsburgh.—The simultaneous discharge of 100 guns will produce a noise that can be heard further off than that produced by the discharge of one of the same pieces.

REQUIRER, Chicago.—1. Tom Sayers only fought Nat Langham once. 2. George Wilson's fastest record is 2:22. Fools on a race are not play or pay, although the race itself may be a job.

THOS., Chicago.—Creighton was a natural ball player, and, as a fielder, had no superior. He excelled all in his day, and equaled the best of the present time.

EVARETT, Boston.—1. Answered last week. 2. Can tell better when they are selected. 3. No; in the Philadelphia Olympics. 4. Canada Bay.

MANSFIELD.—The amateur convention will assemble in New York the second Wednesday in December. We do not know when the Connecticut association will meet.

J. H. H.—It is said to be bona fide, and the drawn numbers are to be made public soon.

SON.—If the money is understood to play cases, it cannot be decided until the cases come.

REESOR, St. Louis.—You omitted several items of interest in your last, which, you will perceive, we have obtained from other sources.

TYPO, Buffalo, N. Y.—The crowded state of our columns during the past three or four weeks compelled it.

H. L., Providence, R. I.—Address all letters as per instructions.

POOL, Cleveland, O.—A "natural" cannot be made unless all the pins are in position, at pin pool.

R. C. M., Westfield, Mass.—Dion's score was 407, and McDevitt's 1,500 in the match in which the latter made the big run.

A. F., San Francisco.—A can either sell to C for 2 points, or play his own cards, in which he holds 2 points certain, as he chooses.

W. M. S., Wamsville, N. Y.—Flying Dutchman never ran a heat race at any distance during his career.

ENQUIRER, Columbia, Mo.—1. We have already published the portrait you refer to. 2. It is not right for him to overcharge.

J. H. G., Hunt-ville, Ga.—A player holding too many cards has a foul hand, and cannot win with it under any circumstances.

R. E. W., Jamaica.—For three months, cash in advance, $10.92; for one year, $41.

READER, Covington, Ky.—Blair Athol won the Derby and St. Leger. He did not start for the Two Thousand Guineas.

S. D. D., Andrews, S. C.—Your friend must have the barrel of his gun draw bored, to make it shoot closer.

E. J. R.—We have not the statistics at hand to give you a definite answer.

H. P. J., Columbus, O.—You had better apply to Mr. Fox, who may be willing to sell you a copy.

J. MOFFITT.—Weight of what? We don't understand your question as written.

F. H. M.—Morrissey defeated Heenan in 11 rounds, occupying 31 minutes.

SCHUMMER, Philadelphia.—To insure the insertion of your challenge you must send on your name, accompanied by a deposit.

J. TOOLICH, Mobile, Ala.—The greatest distances thrown by a steamer is 311 feet 8 inches, solid; 300 feet, spray.

R. M. C.—1. Yes. 2. In Philadelphia. 3. Cannot say. 4. In Brooklyn.

H. J. KING, Wa——————will play left field. We do not know whether Cone or Burrows are retired.

JOHN R. G., London, C. W.—John C. Heenan gave an exhibition in London, C. W., in 1859, after his return from England.

E. W., Lowell, Mass.—A man in Annapolis was executed for attempting to assassinate Prince Arthur.

J. H. F.—"We had the same impression; "its face was familiar, but we didn't know where to place it."

READER, Rock Island.—We refer you to Ed. James' card among our sporting advertisements.

G. C. C., Jonesport, N. Y.—You can get it of Messrs. Wilmer & Rogers, 47 Nassau street, N. Y. Price, 25 cents.

A. W. S.—Philadelphia has a population of 647,022 and Brooklyn of 396,099.

G. W. R., Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. Address a letter to the [illegible] in care of this office. 2. $1.50.

A. N.—1. Miss Lisa Edwin is in England. 2. A letter addressed to the lady in care of this office will reach her.

L. G. F., Camden, N. J.—At cribbage, a 9, 6 and [illegible] 10 for fifteens and 6 for pair royal.

G. W. P., Brooklyn.—Three 4's beat three [illegible] are the lowest denomination that can be thrown [illegible] made as follows:—4, 5, 6 take a run of 3; 4, 5, 6, 7—a run of 4".....Yes [illegible] of 3; 4, 5, 6, 7—a run of 4; 4, 5, 6, 7—a run of 4".....Yes [illegible] of 3; 4, 5, 6, 7—a run of 4.

ONTARIO, Nagasaw.—In tossing with [illegible] every time, the Goddess of Liberty is the head [illegible] an American quarter dollar.

NOVICE, Evansville, Ind.—Y[illegible] put the eagle the tail.

DON BROCHU.—Miss Ada H[illegible] should with this slip, but we never give their private address of [illegible] professionals.

C. A. E., Wyandotte, Kan[illegible] manager, or put the matter [illegible]—Apply in person to some theatrical agent, or in the hands of a dramatic agent.

FILL SLINGER, Baltimore—[illegible] in the hands of a dramatic agent. Various for sale books [illegible]—F. P. Robson, in another column, advertises a [illegible] of instruction for the banjo.

R. M. S., Philadelphia—[illegible] up to the mark for [illegible] quite fair for a first attempt, but scarcely publication.

W. S. W., Camden—[illegible] on the same idea [illegible] N. J.—1. We have already given a little squib on the subject. 2. We have a correspondent "over the river."

J. M. Y.—Respectfully declined.

BRUSH MCG[illegible] lands—[illegible]—Bob Brettle was never champion of England.

T. S., Baltimore—A. B., Baltimore—Chicago had a larger population than Baltimore by the census of 1870.

ADDRESS—We have no knowledge of his having done so. A line addressed to him, in our name, will settle the dispute.

G. S., Mattewan.—Ned O'Baldwin's height, stocking feet, is 5 feet 9½ inches.

OCCASIONAL READER.—We have not yet seen any complete list of European subscriptions for the Chicago sufferers.

F. MCM., Philadelphia.—1. One is pronounced the same as Q. 2. We cannot advise you in the matter; use your own judgment.

TERRY OF RENO.—How about that last poem over your signatures?

C. DE H., Hazleton, Pa.—Will give one or both an early airing.

D. D. K., Pittsburgh.—It has not appeared in book form.

E. C. H., Philadelphia, Pa.—Apply at some dramatic agency.

F. C. H., Pottsville, Pa.—We do not require one, thank you.

AL., Bridgeport, Conn.—The CLIPPER is mailed on Tuesday.

TRIESTY, Chicago, Ill.—Please classify your reports.

NOVICE.—It is all right. See dramatic department.

S. P. S., Harrisburg, Pa.—The letter is still here.

G. M. S., Oil City.—We have all that we require.

H. A. KENDALL.—Four dollars and eighty cents.

MAY.—Tom Hyer died on the 26th of June, 1854.

J. C., Boston.—Jack is entitled to the deal.

B. H. G.—Apply at some gymnasium.

C. D., Lockport.—Yes, several times.

SOUTH COVE, Marlboro.—No.

KIT CLARKE.—Six dollars.

ALEXIS.—Juke is wrong.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Now, that our Flora McFlimseys and their attendant Jenkinses have settled down for a season in the city, to expiate, for a time, their luxurious folly at summer watering places, we may be permitted to offer a few remarks on a subject which concerns a large portion of our community, for thoroughly exhausted in health through indulgence in a round of unaccustomed labors, miscalled pleasures, weakened in intellect by a succession of flirtations and intrigues, and vexed at soul through occurrence of countless annoyances, Miss Flora comes home from her summer frolic, a sadder, but not a wiser, girl; while Pa is compelled to recuperate his shaken treasuries by recourse to arduous commercial operations or desperate Wall street speculations, to the prejudice of his comfort, if not of his credit.

If the wealthy inhabitants of New York could only be made to learn the immense amount of evil their persistency in the utterly foolish habit of annual migrations to fashionable resorts inflicts upon the storekeepers and the working classes of our city, we are convinced that they would shortly repent of a practice as absurd as it is unprofitable in every sense. That steady traders, men of good commercial habits, priding themselves upon possession of common sense should tolerate their children in a frivolous pursuit of fancied pleasures is somewhat remarkable, but that these men should leave behind their comfortable mansions and drag with them their wives and households, at an enormous expense, to be jostled at some waterside tavern against by persons of every social degree, speculators, gamesters, harlots and thieves, is incredible to an ordinary comprehension. Moreover, our *pater familias* from the city, who in his own house would not permit his sanctified person to come in contact with an honest operative or trader, unwittingly assists, through observance of watering place etiquette, his son to become the boon companion of a disguised sharper, and his daughters to shine as the bosom friend of some intriguing adventuress flourishing beneath the assumption of undetected respectability.

Mind, we do not object to people spending the summer months in the country, provided they do so in a rational manner and have the means to afford it. A wealthy man can maintain a handsome country establishment and thereto transfer the comforts and discipline of a well regulated household. A well to do family can transport themselves to a hired cottage, a reputable inn or a substantial farm house, and there enjoy, for a few months or so, the recreations, the real pleasures of a rural life. A bachelor, or thriving trader, may for a time indulge himself in field sports and other unostentatious pastimes and return to his home of brick and mortar benefitted in health and spirits. We all know that a change in air and in scene works marvels upon an invalid or one wearied by labor, and if this can be obtained at a reasonable cost and with beneficial results, none are blamed for its acquisition.

But it is against prevalent and prodigal expenditure of money in the name of pleasure at the fashionable watering places, and in many instances by persons who cannot afford indulgence in these annual extravagances, that the citizens of our metropolis have just reasons for complaint. There are hundreds of stores in town whose receipts do not pay a tithe of their rentals during the summer months, and thousands of working men and women, who cannot earn their daily bread. Every merchant and trader complains of dull times at this, the brightest season of the year, and under this plea business is thoroughly stagnant, with heavy bills to be paid, and a general deferring of settlement to a future time. And why this dreariness of affairs? Because of this fashionable emigration to the watering places, there to expend moneys, which, distributed in our city, would keep the wheels of trade in grateful motion. And hence a few weeks of indulgence in folly on the part of a thousand or so of birds of fashion brings privation, disappointment and misery upon the immense majority of a great city, numbering nearly a million of inhabitants.

If the ordinary visitors to the country seek health, let us assure them that the island of New York is probably the most healthy spot upon the American continent, and possibly as cool as any inland point to be found within reasonable distance of the sea, surrounded as it is by water, over which play the breezes of the Atlantic and of the Hudson. If they desire seasonable fruits and diet, the metropolitan markets supply the daintiest commodities the country can produce, at half the cost charged at the producer's door, for as here is the destination of the best of his products, competition forces a reduction in price. If they desire to view beautiful scenery and to enjoy pleasant walks, certainly there is no section of the country can vie in landscape gardening, in umbrageous promenades, in attractive foliage, or in diversified scenery, with our civic farm—the Central Park.

It was mainly with a view to check a wholesale emigration to the rural districts during the summer months that the municipality of New York concluded to venture upon establishing the vast ornamental grounds, comprised within the splendid domain of the Central Park, for, as a mere sanitary arrangement, a vent-hole to air the metropolis, an enclosure of one-eighth its dimensions and without picturesque elaboration would have answered the purpose. Every old inhabitant is aware that our city was, some years back, comparatively unhealthy during the summer season, surrounded as the houses were by marshy lands, unfilled lots and stagnant pools. But, with the introduction of the Croton, sewerage, and regulated streets, the necessity for country migration ceased and now with the creation of the Park, compared to which some of the vaunted embellishments of European capitals sink into insignificance, we have removed the last excuse for maintaining a custom which should have perished with its original cause. If the citizens of New York have expended so vast a sum of money to transplant the country, and improved at that, within the town limits, is it not the height of folly in any to fly away from it at the period of its most prodigal luxuriance in splendor and beauty?

THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL HORSE RACE doesn't make much headway. The daily papers published a couple of letters last week, bearing on the subject, but as we had already given their purport a week or two previously, it is unnecessary to reproduce them. The principals remind us of two little boys, one of whom wanted a chip knocked off his shoulder, while the other thought it was unnecessary to disturb the chip, and so things remained *in statu quo;* and that's just the way with Mr. Gretton and Mr. McDaniels—Gretton says that he will give Mr. McDaniels a race in England, but hasn't the *time* to come here; on the other hand, McDaniels *has* the time to race here, but *can't* go to England. One is evidently afraid, and the other daresn't; so between the two it is probable that the only international horse race we shall have will be run on paper, which, of course, is not the proper course upon which to try our horses' mettle, nor the only course which horse owners should pursue. We propose that two races take place—one in this country, the other in England. Come, gentlemen, if you haven't the string or some other sort of *halt* in your gait, bring your fast runners up to the rack.

"OOFTY GOOFT."—The readers of the CLIPPER will, doubtless, be glad to learn that we are to hear from our old friend and contributor, Oofty Gooft. Sharley and he are on their travels once more, and in a series of papers entitled "VALKING EVERY BLACK" they will put up all kinds of Brussian for our readers. The first paper will appear in next week's CLIPPER. Bully of dot.

THE GRAND DUKE must have been most favorably impressed with the universal charitable nature of our troops on reception day, for as the Duke rode along the lines of bayonets on Broadway he noticed that every soldier was presenting alms.

THANKSGIVING.

Within the past few years we have had one more day added to our list of national holidays, and when each succeeding year the day is observed with greater unanimity. Here, business is almost at a stand still on Thanksgiving day, everybody seemingly going in for enjoyment and good living. We regret to say, however, that very little attention is given to the returning of thanks for the many blessings heaped upon us during the year; on the contrary, the boys behave in a somewhat boisterous manner, imbibing inflammable whiskey skins, decanting the flowing bowl, and swilling themselves with lager beer. Dear friends, this is all wrong; do not make gluttons of yourselves on Thanksgiving day; do not convert your corpuses into animated swill tubs, as you go marching round. Remember that the eyes of Delaware are upon you, and that the grand duke is a silent observer of your disgraceful conduct. Think of the poor heathen in his blindness who bows down to wood and stone, while you have your comfortable and well stuffed turkey, or goose, or chicken, as the case may be, with savory joints of roast beef as a side dish. Think, too, of the poor cannibals, who, having no turkeys, no chickens, nothing of that kind, have to content themselves with cooking a live missionary on Thanksgiving day and eating *him.* Ah! friends, you have much more to be thankful for than you care to acknowledge. Suppose you were obliged to eat a missionary in place of your prepared poultry, and suppose that roasted missionary should prove to be one grown old and tough in the service. But we do not mean to harrow your feelings with such terrible suppositions. No, our desire is to put you in a happy and contented frame of mind, to turn your thoughts to the channel through which flows all that is good, and pleasant, and cheerful.

Various people look forward to this day with various emotions. Some think of nothing but their stomachs; some have their thoughts on an afternoon or a night at the theatre, or circus, or minstrel hall; others, again, only see in it an occasion for "turning an honest penny," as it were. James Mace and Joseph Coburn, Esqs., selected it as the occasion for a probable meeting—noon-day meeting, so to speak—within what is termed the roped arena. The boys look a great way ahead—who else knew that the 30th of November was to be our Thanksgiving but Joseph and James? *They* named this day several months ago, when their match was first made, long before the President proclaimed it to the people. The muscular Christians are not only long winded but far sighted, as this little incident shows. While you are laying back over your lovely provender, think of those two men who may be pummeling each other in the magic ring with nothing but chops to help them through the terrible ordeal. How thankful you should be, dear friends, that you are not compelled to punch each other "in the Irish snoot," if we may be permitted to use a figure of speech; that you are not obliged to put a Mansard roof on each other's structure, or close each other's peepers. Let us pause and reflect on this theme, if you have time. Consider for one moment—but, perhaps, we had better give the subject no further consideration at present, but wind up with the hope that each and every one of us may feel, and understand, and profit by the lessons of the day, and go to our comfortable roosts at night much happier than when we got up so early in the morning.

FASTEST TIME ON RECORD.—The Signal Office at Washington—organized for the purpose of regulating the weather—made public the fact that on one day, during the past week, the velocity of the window Mount Washington was one hundred and fifty miles an hour, *twenty miles greater than was ever before known.* This is *highly* important. And yet this Signal Office is only in its infancy. What will be the result when it gets into good working order?

OWED TO POLK.

Daly had a comedy man,
And Polk it was his name,
And when he did a fa-ding go,
Gus paid him all the same.

BROADWAY, now-a-days, resembles the mighty ocean, its so full of *heavy swells.*

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

GUS PHILLIPS.

This individual, whose picture graces our first page, was born in the city of New York on the 7th of January, 1837, and received his early education under Leonard Hazeltine, Esq., principal of Public School No. 16. Afterwards completing it at the Academy of Solomon Jenner, in Henry street. Oofty has always been "one of the boys," and is known far and near as a tip-top fellow. When the Volunteer Fire Department was in operation he was one of the most active of its members, and at the breaking out of the war in 1861 he enlisted as a private in Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves. He was in the army some four or five years and returned to New York without a scratch. As he says: "because dere vas so many shdumps in efery baddle" he was in. He is very popular with all classes, and although offered political preferment has always declined. Having a reputation as a Dutch writer and dialectician, he was urged by many of his friends to go upon the stage as a Dutch comedian. He finally acceded to their requests, and made his *debut* at the Grand Opera House, in this city. Although he was only engaged for one week, his efforts proved such a hit that the piece was played another week, and was only withdrawn on account of Mr. and Mrs. Florence's engagement. Being possessed of a pleasing appearance and a winning manner, it is no wonder that he pleases wherever he goes. He has hosts of friends in this city and elsewhere, and wherever he goes is sure of an ovation at their hands. He intends starting out on a lecturing tour, and will tell the people in his own inimitable manner "Vat I don'd know boud farming."

CHAMPION BICYCLE RACE.—On Saturday, Nov. 4th, several hundred persons assembled at the Royal Gymnasium Grounds, Edinburgh, to witness the decision of a match between A. Baillgate, (formerly velocipede instructor at the gymnasium) and J. McGregor, of Edinburgh, for £20 a side and the velocipede championship of Scotland. The contest took place on the usual pedestrian path, which had to be traversed eight times and a half to complete the distance. There was not much speculation, the odds ruled at 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Bathgate. The ground was somewhat soft from recent rains, and did not favor good time. On the pistol being fired Bathgate got off with a lead of about a couple of yards, which he had increased to double that distance on passing the winning post the first time. In the succeeding lap he led by six yards, when Mr. McGregor, putting on the steam, decreased the space between them to three yards. At the close of the fourth they passed the post side by side, and in the fifth McGregor fairly passed his opponent, and from thence gradually came away, increasing his lead in each succeeding lap, and winning easily at last by five yards. The men not having been informed when the distance was finished, for another lap, McGregor still finishing in front. Time, 6 minutes 6 secs. J. Millar was referee and stakeholder.

CHALLENGE TO TOM HEATHERWOOD.—This sport promises to be very brisk during the coming season, and fanciers are actively engaged in collecting their fowls from the various yards in which they have been dispersed during the summer. Several mains are in progress of arrangement, and the one which during the approaching season will be the headquarters of the sports, has just been refitted and made complete in its accommodations for the patrons of this amusement. The well known James Murphy, of this city, challenges the Massachusetts breeder, Tom Heatherwood, of Lowell, to fight a main of cocks, to show nineteen on each side, at weights ranging from 4 lbs. to 5 lbs. 4 ozs. A cock to be shown at the weights that both parties can agree to, for $200 each battle, and $2,000 the odd fight. This challenge is left open for ten days. Now what says the Lowell sport to this bold defi.

FIRE ENGINE TRIAL.—A contest in throwing, for $500 a side and the champion ribbon, took place at Mobile, Ala., on Monday, Nov. 20th, between the Neptune Steam Fire Engine, No. 2, built by Clapp & Jones, of New York, and the Torrent, No. 5, an Amoskeag machine, 100 feet of hose. The judges were J. W. Heustis and T. S. Bidgood, for the Neptune; E. M. Underhill and S. A. Leonard, for the Torrent. Referee, S. H. Patro. The following is the distance thrown by each steamer:—Neptune—1st throw, 280 feet 7 inches; 2d throw, 294 feet; 3d throw, 275 feet 5 inches. Torrent —1st and only throw, 245 feet 3 inches. Mr. Patro read the decision, declaring Neptune No. 2 the winner in the contest, by 48 feet 9 inches.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The directors of this association held a meeting on Friday, the 24 h inst., at which General Ambrose E. Burnside was elected president, thus giving it considerable additional influence. The other officers are Col. Wm. C. Church, of the *Army and Navy Journal,* vice-president; Capt. Geo. W. Wingate, secretary; Major Gen. John B. Woodward, treasurer; Frederick M. Peck, corresponding secretary. An executive committee, consisting of the aforesaid officers, Cols. Frederick A. Mason, H. G. Shaw and Major George Moore Smith, was also appointed. They have in prospect an extensive rifle tournament in the summer of 1872.

"PYTHIAS."—Although we may not witness the festive American Club in their annual terpsichorean exercises this winter, nevertheless there will be a number of very attractive re-unions, among which may be mentioned the second annual reception of Barton Lodge, No. 3, Knights of Pythias, announced to take place at Apollo Hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6th, to attend which we return our thanks for an invitation. We trust that the occasion may prove to be one of the memorable nights for the Knights of Pythias.

CANADA SNOW SHOE CLUB.—The annual meeting of this Montreal, C. E., club was held recently, the election resulting as follows:—President, Hon. H. Starnes; 1st vice-president, J. Nelson, Jr.; 2d vice-president, D. Sincennes; secretary-treasurer, J. W. Ostell; assistant treasurer, A. W. Stevenson; committee, Messrs. H. Nelson, J. O. Bedard, J. Starnes, A. Nelson and G. H. Henshaw, Jr. A large number of new candidates were elected.

THE NEW YORK PRINTING COMPANY BATTALION'S annual excursion for target practice takes place on Thanksgiving Day, the rendezvous being the Eagle Drill Rooms, corner of Delancey and Chrystie streets, at 9 o'clock A. M. May the true types of manhood composing the battalion chase the dull hours pleasantly away, and use their shooting sticks well, but not a form be locked up after the day's sport is ended.

THE NEW YORK CITY LETTER CARRIERS, who are not to have the privilege of presenting their addresses on the coming New Year, will give their annual ball on Monday evening next, Dec. 4th, at Apollo Hall, on which occasion the scions of Uncle Sam's mails will, no doubt, have the pleasure of seeing a very large number of those to whom the sight of a letter carrier is ever a source of delight.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ Advices from Central and South America, via Kingston, Jamaica, near 23d, state that a destructive fire occurred in the city of Guatemala on Nov. 4th. A party of pirates has been committed to San Salvador and Costa Rica. President Medina has dismissed the reins of government in Honduras, and the rebels are defeated. A revolt was threatened at Peru. Hy. Meiggs has received a concession to construct a railroad from Minores to Chimbote, Peru, at a cost of $24,000,000.

☞ A telegram dated London, Eng., Nov. 22d, states that the Prince of Wales is suffering from typhoid fever. The winter has set in unusually early, and the south is the vicinity of London are free from snow. Several persons were drowned while skating at Tenworth. At Leeds and Bristol radical republican mass meetings have been held, at which the speakers denounced monarchy in Great Britain.

☞ The new steamship Egypt, of the National Line, the largest vessel afloat, except the Great Eastern, arrived in New York on Nov. 23d on her first trip. She is 450 feet 6 inches in length, 45 feet in breadth of beam, and 36 feet in depth of hold. Her engines work up to 5,000 horse power, and her registered tonnage is 5,000 tons. She has two funnels and four masts, and is a complete four decker.

☞ The directors of the Cincinnati Board of Trade on Nov. 25th passed resolutions asking the general freight agents of the country to adopt a national classification for freights, and requesting congress to intervene to prevent extortions; also petitioning congress to make appropriations to finish the Louisville canal, purchase the stock and make the canal free.

☞ President Thiers received the Chinese embassy on Nov. 24th, and replied to the chief Ambassador's address as follows:—"Your government must give such proofs that our missionaries and consuls are respected. This is absolutely necessary for the preservation of peace between France and China."

☞ Advices from Arizona, via San Francisco, Nov. 25th, state that a hundred government cattle were run off by Apache Indians in the Valle de Chino, near Prescott. The Apaches who murdered the Wychenburg stage passengers have been trailed to the Dale Creek reservation.

☞ Notwithstanding the rumors to the contrary the alliance between the workingmen's council and the council of legislators of the House of Lords progresses favorably in England, and seems to promise the most beneficial results.

☞ Six Algerines, captured by the French during the recent insurrection, have escaped from Cayenne and arrived in Philadelphia, Pa. On Nov. 25th they interviewed Mayor Fox, who promised they should not by sent back.

☞ Ex-Comptroller Connolly was arrested by Sheriff Brennan, in this city, on Nov. 25th, and, failing to procure $1,000,000 bail, was held in custody until the 27th, when, as we were going to press, it was rumored that bail had been given.

☞ The Emperor of Germany has consented to act as arbitrator between the United States and England upon the San Juan boundary question, and the arguments of both governments will shortly be presented to him.

☞ Prussia is about to send three ships of war to Brazil to demand satisfaction for the maltreatment of a German naval officer and two cadets, during a fight that occurred in the streets of Rio Janeiro a short time since.

☞ Two steamships collided in the harbor of Alexandria, Egypt, on Nov. 23d, and the shock and sinking resulted in the drowning of seventy-five Algerine pilgrims, who were so overburdened with their gold that they could not swim.

☞ A telegram dated London, Eng., Nov. 24th, reports that the ship Nonpariel, Capt. J. Johnson, which left Bombay for New York on July 12th, foundered at sea, and all hands but three of the crew were drowned.

☞ A telegram from Hong Kong, via London, Eng., Nov. 21st, states that the steamer Yonan-kee, Capt. Smith, from Foo-Chow for New York, was lost off the Paracels Islands, in the China sea, and the captain and four of the crew drowned.

☞ The Signal Officer reports that on Nov. 15th the wind on the summit of Mount Washington, N. H., reached a velocity of 180 miles per hour, 20 miles more than the greatest velocity ever previously noted.

☞ The steamship City of New London, from this city for Norwich, Conn., was burned on Nov. 24th in the Thames river, and three passengers and nine of the crew drowned. The loss of the boat and cargo amounts to nearly $200,000.

☞ In consequence of the appointment of M. Decker as Governor of the province of Limbourg, Belgium, crowds of the populace marched to the King's palace at Brussels on Nov. 22d, and demanded the dismissal of the Ministry.

☞ Spanish advices dated Madrid, Nov. 22d, state that probably after the termination of the municipal elections, changes leading towards liberalism will be made in the cabinet by the re-entrance of Admiral Topete and Senor Sagasta.

☞ Thomas Murphy, collector of the port of New York, resigned that office on Nov. 24th, and President Sheldon accepted the resignation and appointed Gen. Chester A. Arthur his successor.

☞ Two vessels, the Mary Baker, of Boston, and the British ship Arrow, ran into each other on the river Mersey, England, on Nov. 20th, and sank almost instantly. Many lives were lost.

☞ The Prussian Reichstag has sanctioned the extension of the North German law making military service compulsory on all male adults within the limits of the empire to the territory of Bavaria.

☞ A respectably dressed man, about 30 years of age, was found with his throat cut in a vacant lot near Thirty-second and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, Pa., on Nov. 20th.

☞ Michael Kinsley was killed on Nov. 20th, by being struck on the head with a packing ring in the Phœnix Iron Foundry, at Providence, R. I., on Nov. 20th.

☞ A hand car, with Michael Barry and Frank Burns on board, was thrown over by a broken rail, near Auburn, N. Y., on Nov. 19th, and Burns was instantly killed.

☞ R. B. Connolly resigned the Comptrollership of this city on Nov. 20th, and Mayor Hall appointed Andrew H. Green his successor. He duly entered upon the department.

☞ A telegram dated London, Eng., Nov.

THE RING.

A SPAR WITH BLACKENED GLOVES.—Relative to the sparring match between Harry Hicken and "Squibb," previously alluded to, and which took place at Arthur Mullen's Third Street Opera House, Philadelphia on Monday evening, Nov. 20th, a correspondent speaks as follows:—They sparred with blackened gloves, and the one receiving the least number of blows in the face was to win. James Colbert was the umpire, and after fifteen rounds had been fought he decided that Hicken had won the money by a score of 8 to 7. Hicken in the early stages of the contest allowed Squibb to hit him—at least it looked that way to an impartial observer—and according to the score I kept, and that of others, Squibb had hit Hicken eight times and thereby won the money—if there was any up. After the contest was over, I heard it was a "dippodrome" affair (if one can use such an expression in speaking about men) and that it was intended that Hicken should win, and both men divide the receipts, which must have been large, judging from the crowded house. Several other sparrers appeared, their little encounters being sandwiched between the usual variety performance at this establishment."

BILL CLARK gave an exhibition for the entertainment of his patrons at the Arbor, in West Houston street, on the evening of Nov. 20th, which drew together a goodly crowd of sports. The sparring was excellent, and altogether it was one of the most satisfactory entertainments given for a long time. The sparrers were Emerson and Wilson, Ben Beasley and Arthur Chambers, Bill Clark and his pupil, Steve Taylor and the Hoboken Clipper (in which the Clipper was knocked down every time), John Doyle and Kemble, Mahony and a friend, Larry and McCabe, and the wind up, which was between Prof. Clark and Tim Hussey, who arrived a few days before from the "Hub." Harry Parker likewise exhibited some acrobatic feats, and Emerson gave a song and dance. Uncle Toves was M. C.

GLOVICAL CONTEST FOR A STAKE.—Thanksgiving Day—or rather evening—promises to be prolific of sport at Prof. Clark's, 59 West Houston street, in which for $100 a side having been made between Arthur Chambers and John Clark, the conditions of which are that they are to spar, with gloves, for the space of half an hour, the man exhibiting the most science, and the best points generally, within that period to be declared the victor. Both men are excellent boxers, but Clark has the advantage over Arthur in height, length of reach and weight. The sum of $25 a side is now up, and the balance must be posted on the day previous to the contest. News of the result of the Mace-Coburn match will also be received there by telegraph.

A BENEFIT FOR SEDDONS.—Mention was made in last week's CLIPPER concerning an accident which happened to George Seddons, resulting in the breaking of a leg. Barney Aaron and Arthur Chambers have projected a benefit for him, which will take place at Clark's, Houston street, on Saturday evening, Dec. 2d, upon which occasion a number of prominent boxers are advertised to spar. For the wind-up Aaron and Chambers will oppose each other with the mits, providing Aaron is in town; if not, then Patsy Hogan will take his place. Seddons' father will also be prepared to set-to with anybody near his age.

GEORGE ROOKE desires us to state, in order to place him right before the fraternity in Jersey City, that all those whose names appeared upon the cards for his recent benefit individually promised to be present and assist thereat, and that it was due to their failure to keep such promise that the disappointment attending the same occurred. It was no fault of his. He also states that one Geo. Sindair has collected and appropriated to his own use money for tickets left at various saloons, and wishes said Sinclair to "see" him as soon as possible.

TOVEN'S NIGHT.—The ancient pugilistic warrior, Sir William Toye, (alias "Bill") at Clark's on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6th, 2nd W. trial will receive what he deserves—a rouser. The feature of the affair will be his set-to with George Seddons' father.

JIM MACK left his quarters at Shady Grove, near Cincinnati, on Nov. 20th, for New Orleans. Since our outside pages went to press, we have learned that Barney Aaron has changed his mind, and will not attend the Mace-Coburn mill on Thanksgiving Day.

HARRY HICKEN has been matched with a man named Oxford, in Philadelphia, to fight for a century a side. Though the amount is small, Harry says he is willing to contend for the "dust to show that he was fight. He will be the recipient of a benefit at Clark's, prior to commencing training.

HARRY HICKEN has secured Clark's hall, Houston street, for Monday evening, Dec. 4th, when he will give a sparring exhibition, assisted by a number of well known experts. The winding up is announced to take place between he and Dooney Farris.

BILLIARDS.

THE McDEVITT SUBSCRIPTION FUND.

The alacrity with which the profession in this vicinity has responded to the appeal promulgated in the name of dead John McDevitt is, in view of the straightened times, highly commendable. The metropolis alone has subscribed nearly $600, and it is expected that Mac'on, Wis., where McDevitt first took cue in hand, and Indianapolis, where he lived so long, will, in connection with other cities appended to, directly and indirectly, swell the amount to double its present size. Below we give a list of the sums subscribed in this city, up to Nov. 24th, in proof that the friends and acquaintances of the deceased have not forgotten the fact that he leaves a wife behind. The rumor that McDevitt's body has been found is incorrect, the remains supposed to be his being those of a reporter, Joseph Stubbs, well known in Montreal, this city, and the west, in connection with sporting matters.

Paper No. 1.—Wm. H. Griffith, $25; cash, $5; D. L. Haskell, $15; J. F. Sexton, $5; cash, $5; P. J. Fitzgerald, $5; cash, $5; Wm. Sexton, $5; cash, $3 50; cash, $1; Floyd Travis, $5; cash, $5; cash, $2; O. W. Sterel, $5; John J. Wiseman, $10; J. A. Totten, $1; W. R. E. O., $5; James E. Nolan, $5; cash, $5; cash, $3; R. H. Macy, $5; Peter Suter, $1; John A. Noll, $1; D. M. McCarie, $1; cash, $3—total $127 50.

Paper No. 2.—Frederick Grote, $25; Peter Titans, $10; cash, $5; Dickinson, $10; cash, $5; Willie Balmer, $5—total $60.

Paper No. 3.—Wm. M. Fowler, $10; Budd Scofield, $5; J. A. Alyea, $5; C. A. Frink, $10; Rusch & Koerner, $3; Wm. McKenzie, $5; George A. Higgins, $3; Timothy Flynn, $5; Peter Marron, $5; Rodolph Schmidtmaier, $2; M. Roach, $2; O'Connor, $10; J. F. W., $7; A. C. M., $2; Maurice Daly, $5; J. N. McIntyre, $10; R. G., $10; E. D. B., $5; D. Dean, $5. J. K. Boyle, $5; John T. Ryan, $5; George B. Phelan, $10; H. W. Collender, $25; Frank Queen, $20; A. S. Gonella, $10; Harry Eason, $2; John Ireland, $5; F. D. K., $5; Joseph Murphy, $3; J. Lynch, $5; J. C., $1—total $201. Grand total, $388 50.

OUR EXERCISE AT PITTSBURGH.—On the evening of Nov. 13th, Albert Garnier and Joseph Dion gave an entertainment at the Home Billiard Room, Pittsburgh, and, although the admission was one dollar, from 150 to 200 persons witnessed it. The first game was 100 points, French, which Dion won easily. The next was an American game of 700 points, which was a gift to Garnier, although Dion made a run of over 400. G.'s average was over 70. Garnier afterwards exhibited his fancy shots, which were highly appreciated by the audience. He stopped at the Opera House Billiard Rooms for a week, playing exhibition games and fancy shots every afternoon and evening. In a game played with an amateur on the evening of Nov. 17th, he made a run of 868. His general playing and fancy billiards are far ahead of anything previously seen in Pittsburgh.....On the 18th those old rivals, John Nelson and Willim Dodds, played a match game for $100 a side, the best in seven games, French, of 3S points each, at the St. James Billiard Rooms, Dodds won the first game and Nelson the next four and the match. Harry Lysle, of East Liberty, was immediately matched with Nelson, to play 100 points, for $100. Nelson won by 13 points. James Mackey, of East Liberty, was also matched with Nelson for the same amount and same number of points. It was won by Mackey by 31 points. Dodds was again matched with Nelson for $150, 100 points, and was again defeated, this time by 14 points.

DION VS. MILLER.—THE FORMER WINS.—The first of the series of three games between Joseph Dion, of New York, and Henry Miller, of New Orleans, was played in the last mentioned city on the night of the 20th. It was for $250 a side. Dion giving the odds of 150 points in 500, three-ball game, played with 2 3-8ths balls on a 5x10 Phelan & Collender carom table. Miller was beaten by 21, Dion averaging exactly 5 points to the run. The second game, upon the same terms, played the following night, was also won by Dion, his majority being 65. In the game Dion made not only the best average on record (5.6-7ths) but also the best run—105. The third and last game played on Saturday, 25th ult., was also won by Dion in handsome style, his majority being 233, and beat run 107. The average is not telegraphed.

NEW ROOMS.—Capt. James E. Boyle opened a new room in Thomas street, on the 22d, and Budd Schofield opened another in Fourth avenue on the 18th. The first has four P. & C. tables, and the second, when filled up, will have six—all "Bevels."

DALY AND GARNIER.—There is a prospect of Albert Garnier and Maurice Daly entering into a match of two games, each for $500 a side, to be played in Titusville, Penn.

THE INDIANA CHAMPIONSHIP.—The dispute at Indianapolis is reported to have been amicably disposed of by Jacob Gerrait accepting the challenge of Parker A. Byers.

MATTIE HEWINS.—This well known Hartfordite is in town, upon holiday gits intent.

PIGEON MATCH FOR A CENTURY.—On Thursday, Nov. 23d, a number of Philadelphia's trigger experts and admirers of pigeon shooting assembled at a room "down the Neck" to witness a match for $50 a side between John Revels and Ed. Cuthbert, the well-known ball-player. The conditions of the match were to shoot at 24 birds each, Revels allowing Cuthbert three birds. The judges were J. W. Crigley, Jas. Gorman and Joe Barlow. Revels opened well by killing his first seven birds, and then missing a bird, brought down eleven in succession. At that number Cuthbert, who had missed his first, ninth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, eighteenth and nineteenth birds, gave up the contest, the score then standing:

Revels.....1111111011111111111—19.
Cuthbert.....0111111101000111100—12.

The ground where the match took place seemed to have been selected on account of its being almost inaccessible to pedestrians, yet a large number of enthusiastic sportsmen walked several miles through the mud to witness the contest. Among those present were several prominent base-ball "sharps," including Reach, Malone, Meyerle, Heubel, Treacy and Mack, of the Athletics.

THE JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIP.—Tom Allen, the backer of Chas. Loomis, writes as follows in reply to Searles' letter, and the argument he uses proves conclusively that he knows whereof he speaks:—

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 17th, 71.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—DEAR SIR.—In answer to Ned Searles, I do not think he wants to jump at all, and as for him saying that Loomis ought to have challenged in warm weather, as that is what he means, it is simply ridiculous. Men that call themselves champions do not pick the weather, no matter what their profession may be. So that if he wants to be champion he must jump this man, or the latter will claim the championship of this country. Loomis shall jump him for $2,000 a side, to six or eight weeks from signing articles, and we will jump in Cleveland, Ohio. If this suits Searles let him send a deposit to the CLIPPER office and stop all this newspaper talk.

Your humble servant, TOM ALLEN.

Address as above.

HUGHES TO THE WORLD.—The challenge from John Hughes, of Manhattanville, to run any man living, particularly Pat Fitzgerald, nine miles 'Johnny Wild," ten miles, for from $500 a side up wards, having failed to meet with a response, he called upon us on Nov. 27th, and authorizes us to say that he is open to run any man in America, England or Ireland, from 10 to 20 miles. He has no objection to go to England, providing his expenses are paid. Or he will run Fitzgerald six miles even, or give him a start in ten miles. Twenty dollars are now on deposit at this office for Hughes.

SKITTLES.—The return game of the home and home match at skittles for a supper, came off at Keyworth's, Eighth avenue, on Nov. 22d, the score at the conclusion being:—Keyworth and Young, 11; Hawkshaw and Carson, 3.

SINGLE WICKET MATCH.—Fred Norley and W. Farrands, the well-known English professional cricketers, are matched to play a single wicket match, for $200 a side, at Germantown, Pa., on Friday, Dec. 1st.

SAGACITY OF DUMB ANIMALS.—Mr. Edward Watts, a well known citizen residing at No. 23 Harvard street, Boston, Mass., tells a very remarkable story about a pair of English bull terriers that he owns and prizes very highly. He says, and Officer Coombs, of the 4th station, vouches for the truth of the story, that one day last week he had occasion to go from his home to Portland street, a good mile, for the purpose of paying a small bill. Arriving at Portland street with the dogs, he met the man he wished to see on the sidewalk and there paid the bill, at the time dropping a $20 bill on the curb stone, though he knew nothing about it till his arrival home, some two hours afterward, and after calling at several places on his way home. Finding this $20 bill gone, he took his dogs and started back, calling at the places he visited on his way home. On reaching Sudbury street he called his dog "Jess," showed him a $20 bill, looked about on the ground as if hunting for it and told the dog to "smell it out." The dog then started off with his nose to the ground in front of his master, and pushing round into Portland street, where they had been before and where the bill was paid, he stopped, poked about the dirt with his nose and in a few minutes ran up to his master with the lost $20 bill in his mouth. And here's another story about a cat, equally, if not, more remarkable. It is related by Sergt. Crooker, of the 4th station, in the above city, who was an eye witness to the whole transaction. He says that some weeks ago he was visiting a family at Plymouth, who were proud of a large, double-toed cat that had been in the family for many years and raised several litters of kittens. When last confined she gave birth, only to one, young, dwarfish, sickly and good-for-nothing little kitten." But she tended it carefully for some six weeks, when the family expressed a desire to get rid of it, the kitten all this time being housed in a flour barrel out in the shed. One night after supper, and while the old cat was comfortably lying down on the hearth stone, the subject of killing the kitten was broached, the sergeant being solicited to kill it. No, he did not care to do it, but remarked that his son George would be there the next day at noon and that he would kill it. Well, George came as expected, the next noon. In the mean time the old cat had not been seen since the night before. At the dinner table the slaughter of the kitten was spoken of again, and dinner being over, George went out after it, but soon returned saying that there was no kitten in the barrel. This created great surprise and all hands went out to look, but no kitten could be found. A careful search was then made and in a short time the old cat and the puny kitten were discovered in a box up in a loft, ten feet above the floor where the barrel stood. They were taken down and when George went to put his hand on the head of the old cat to pat her, she gave him a slap with one of her fore paws sinking her claws clear into the bone.

COST OF A DINNER.—The following is the price of provisions consumed at a dinner of the WAX CHANDLERS' Company, City of London, Eng., in the year 1478:—Two loins of mutton and two loins of veal, 1s 4d; a loin of beef, 4d; a leg of mutton, 2½d; a pig, 4d; a capon, 6d; a coney, 2d; one dozen of pigeons, 7d; a hundred eggs, 8½d; a goose, 6d; a gallon of red wine, 6d; a kilderkin of ale, 8d; total cost, 7s. Half a century later pigs had risen from 4d to 6d, but the cost of living must still have been reasonable, judging by the price of provisions provided for a dinner given by certain sergeants-at-law, in the year 1531. "Brought," says the record, "to the slaughter-house 24 beeves, each £1 6s 8d; one carcase of an oxe from the shambles, £1 4s; 100 fat muttonses, each 1s 10d; 51 greate veales, at 4s 8d; 24 porkes, at 2s 8d; 31 pigs, at 6d; capons of Greece, of one poulter, 10 dozens, at (apiece) 1s 8d; capons of Kent, 9 dozen and 4, at 1s; cockes of grose, 7 dozen and 9, at 8d; cocks course, xiii. dozen, at 8d and 3d apiece; pullets, the best, 2½d each; other pullets, 2d; pigeons, 37 dozens, each dozen 2d; swans, xiii. dozen (no price mentioned); larks, 340 dozens, each dozen 5d."

WHY is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because, though first in pity, he is the last in help.

WHY is a tight laced lady like a careful housewife? Because her waist is as little as she can make it.

WHAT is the naval definition of a kiss? A pleasure smack.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 270.

during the tenting season of 1872. His business affairs are conducted by Kit Clarke, whose address is care of this office. D'Jalma opens at the Howard, Boston, on Dec. 11th, for two weeks.

DAN RICE'S PARIS PAVILION CIRCUS has been doing a good business the past (its second) week in Baltimore, Md., and Prof. Davis' troupe of trained dogs has been added to the other attractions. The combination leaves for Norfolk, Va., on the 1st of December.

Miscellaneous.

MCVICAR'S HIBERNICON was exhibited at Columbus, O. Nov. 23d, 24th and 25th.

COMMODORE FOOTE AND SISTER'S COMPANY, after performing in St. Louis, Mo., went thence to Vandalia and Centralia.

DOHANY'S NEW HALL, Council Bluffs, Iowa, can be rented through the proprietor, who advertises.

PYE HALL, Forsyth, Ga., a commodious and well ventilated building, with a stage and scenery, can be rented through R. Pye and Son, whose card is in another column.

"JUGGLER," whose address is care of this office, wants to purchase dancing barrel, globe, juggling balls, etc.

VIRGINIA HALL, Richmond, Va., is recommended by Harry Watkins, whose card is in another column.

MCNEILL HALL, Paris, Tenn., can be rented through Conant and Co., whose card is in another column. It will seat about five hundred persons, and has a stage, with dressing rooms, etc.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS are billed to perform at Auburn, N. Y., Nov. 28th and 29th; Syracuse, 30th and Dec. 1st; Baldwinsville, 2d; Oswego, 4th and 5th; Rome, 6th; Utica, 7th, 8th and 9th; Watertown, 11th; Ogdensburg, 12th and 13th; Ottawa, Ont., 14th and 15th, thence taking in the principal towns in Canada, east of Toronto, and then performing in New York city two weeks, commencing Jan. 29th, 1872.

SAM SHARPLEY, with his silver show, and Professor Logrenis, wizard, closed a four weeks' engagement at New Orleans, La., Nov. 19th; opened at Baton Rouge on the 21st, for five nights, and is billed to play at Shreveport one week, commencing the 27th; then Jefferson, Texas, one week, beginning Dec. 4th; thence to Houston and Galveston, and will probably remain in Texas during the winter, returning to New York in the spring.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, now in course of completion at Minneapolis, Minn., will be ready for occupation about Dec. 15th, and can be rented after that date through J. Hodges, who advertises. The house, seated with opera chairs, will accommodate about fifteen hundred persons, and is lighted with gas and heated by steam. The stage has six dressing rooms attached, and is furnished with ample scenery.

WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION is billed to perform at Concord, N. H., Dec. 1st; Manchester, 2d; Milford, 4th; East Wilton, 5th, and Townsend, Mass., 6th. It will be seen by a card in our advertising columns that an opportunity is offered to three boys, between six and ten years of age, to learn the gymnastic business. For full particulars read the card referred to.

MERCHANT'S PANORAMA AND DIORAMA OF IRELAND, with Robert Byrne as Barney, the guide, was exhibited at Port Richmond, S. I., Nov. 23d, 24th and 25th.

ELKS.—The election of officers, at a recent meeting of Philadelphia Lodge No. 1, of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen:—Harry W. Williams, R. R.; and C. N. P., Joseph M. Mortimer, E. L. K.; Francis Whittaker, E. L. K.; Frank Moran, G. L.; E. G. Stone, treasurer; M. J. Mackin, R. S.; W. S. Fox, C. S.; Robert Fraser, tiler; W. H. Harrison, T. G.; J. E. Jackson, Robert Sheppard, W. H. Harrison, board of trustees; Samuel C. Lawrence, steward.

AT THE SEVENTH STREET OPERA HOUSE, Philadelphia, Mlle. Anderson, a daughter of Prof. Anderson, the Wizard of the North, has been giving a series of magical and gift entertainments, opening on the 23d of Nov. So far she has met with a fair share of success, considering the unattractive appearance of the establishment where she is performing. This week Harry E. Moore, comic singer, will appear in addition to Mlle. Anderson in her entertainment.

MISS LAURA V. ELLIS has been giving exhibitions of her skill in spiritualistic manifestations *a la* the Davenports, at Academy Hall, Ninth and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, during the past week, with but poor success.

ON THE FAIR GROUNDS at Savannah, Ga., during the week ending Nov. 25th, were five shows in full blast and all doing well. One show was the skeleton of a whale, 55 feet long. It is a splendid curiosity, all the bones are there and all set up in their proper places. The whale was blown ashore on Cumberland Island, southern coast of Georgia, during a severe gale in September. It is owned by George Frazer & Co. The South American Combination is a show under the management of Collier & Co. They have 12 Paw Paw Indians, a Punch and Judy show and magician. M. Hertzog has Mlle Mollie Rozeni, who walks the rope on the fair grounds, and is also a magician, and Prof. Perdinando, the living O. U. B. Lenny shows Mrs. Sherwood, the fat woman, and stereoscopic views. King and Hosbey have a museum, Punch and Judy, and a so a magician.

REV. WM. N. VAN DE MARK, the Spurgeon of Pittsburgh, Pa., will deliver his lecture on "The Ins and Outs of Society" at Library Hall, Pittsburgh, Nov. 28th.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL will deliver her argument for "Constitutional Equality," at Library Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Dec. 1st. She says:—"Those cowardly knaves who have slandered her are requested, if they can summon the courage, to secure front seats."

F. H. BLECKER, late with Warner's Pacific Circus, advertises that he can be engaged as business agent.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY lectured at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Nov. 20th; also at Concord, N. H., on the 23d.

MISS OLIVE LOGAN lectured at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Md., Nov 21st, on "Nice Young Men," to good houses.

CHAS. R. VAN DEUSEN, with his stereopticon, will exhibit at Toledo, Ohio, Nov. 29th and 30th.

MESSRS. HART, RYMAN & BARNEY state that they *are* responsible for balls engaged by Chas. Melville for them.

COOK'S HALL, Princeton, N. J., is advertised to let. It will seat over three hundred persons, and is furnished with a stage, scenery, &c.

A LETTER from Marston and Stone, recommending Union Hall, Johnstown, Pa., is published among the advertisements.

SIGNOR WENZEL, magician, and Punch and Judy performer, with Sam. Welser, is billed to perform six nights in Union Hall, a new one, seating some 600 persons, Niles, O., commencing Nov. 27th.

DE CASTRO, magician, commences a week's engagement at Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 27th, thence to Columbus Ga.

MCGILL AND STRONG'S Mirror of Ireland commenced a series of six exhibitions at Troy, N. Y., November 23d.

Amateur.

"THE HISTRIONICS," of Albany, N. Y., performed at New Salem, N. Y., Nov. 20th, presenting "Black Eyed Susan," with Mr. Geo. R. Hodgkins as William, and Miss Ella Chase as Susan, after which an olio, the whole concluding with "Barney the Baron," with C. V. Winne as Barney. The association is to perform at Valatie, N. Y., 30th.

THE DAVENPORT CLUB, of Cincinnati, gave a public exhibition on the 23d for a charitable purpose, the programme consisting of "Married Life" and some readings.....The Shakespeare Club, of the same city, gave the "King of the Commons" on the 21st.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

Dramatic.

LITTLE NOVELTY is reported in our advices from London, Eng., which are up to Nov. 12th. At the Haymarket, Mr. Buckstone was announced to take his annual benefit on the 15th, for which the following programme was announced:—To commence with Mr. Buckstone's farce, entitled "John Jones;" after which the comedy of the "Busybody," with Buckstone as Marplot, followed by "Killing Time," with Miss Amy Sedgwick as Lady Maydake, in which character she was to have recited the "Charge of the Six Hundred;" at the conclusion of the comedietta Mr. Buckstone was to have addressed the audience, and the performances to close with Buckstone's farce of the "Irish Lion" for the first time in fifteen years.....At the Strand, Mr. J. S. Clarke acted in "Toodles," Nov. 12th.....At the Vaudeville, a new burlesque by Henry J. Byron, entitled "Tamaralzaman and the Fair Badoura; or, The Bad Djin and the Good Spirit," was announced for production on Nov. 18th.....At the Pavilion, a drama entitled "Rail, River and Road," was the chief novelty.....At the Surrey the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" had been produced and was thus spoken of:—"The task of adapting the story for stage representation has been executed with commendable care. In the first three acts the original story is pretty closely followed, while the last act is attributable to the ingenuity of Mr. Stephens, who fixes upon Jasper the guilt of the murder of Edwin Drood. Whether the piece is destined to attain much popularity time alone will show. Some of its situations are well wrought, and the acting is far above the average."....At the Alfred an entirely new drama by F. C. Burnand, founded on "Le Chat Potelonais," and entitled "Paul Zegers; or, The Dream of Retribution," was announced for production on Nov. 18th.....At the Britannia, a new play by W. Pitt, entitled—"Woman: Her Rise or Fall in Life," was to be produced Nov. 13th.....A new play, by Mr. H. T. Craven, entitled "Coals of Fire," is in active rehearsal at the Court Theatre. Mr. Craven will sustain an important part in the piece.....No chance had occurred at any of the other theatres, save the St. James, when had been announced for the production of French plays under the direction of M. Raphael Felix.

MASTER JOHN MANLEY, the Australian infant comedian, is engaged to appear as Tom Thumb, at Christmas, in the opening of the pantomime at Drury Lane, London, Eng.

MISS FANNY HEYWOOD, having recovered from her late railway accident, was announced to appear at the Lyceum, London, Eng., Nov. 13th, in a "Loan of a Lover."

THE NEW THEATER, now building in Rome, Italy, with the title of the King Emmanuel, will have a class roof, enabling the manager to open both day and evening performances.

MRS. JULIA ANN MANNERING, the mother of C. C. Mannering, barrister, died at London, Eng., Oct. 27th.

NICHOLAS CARROLL, for a long time connected with the theatres Royal and Princess', at Edinburgh, Scotland, died in London, Eng., Oct. 19th.

DEATH OF TWO INMATES IN DRAMATIC COLLEGE.—Mr. F. Priestley died on the 1st inst., and Mrs. Watson on the 27th. They had been in the institution some years, and were both buried on the 3d inst. at Woking Cemetery.

MRS. JOHN WOOD and the dramatic company from the St. James Theatre, London, Eng., were to have commenced an engagement at Belfast, Ireland, Nov. 13th.

W. S. CAMILL and T. W. Keene were to have commenced an engagement at Leeds, Eng., Nov. 13th, playing in Mackenzie's drama of "Across the Continent."

MISS RAYMOND was announced for the following engagements:—Brighton, Eng., to commence Nov. 13th; Bristol, 27th; Cheltenham, Dec. 4th, three nights, and Gloucester, 7th.

FANNY MARIE, the wife of Thomas Matthews, late of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres, London, Eng., died Nov. 5th, at Peckham.

JOHN CHARLES JOSEPH, the patentee of the Queen's Royal Theatre, Dublin, Ireland, died in that city Nov. 8th, after a long and painful illness.

Musical.

AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, London, Eng., Mlle Jeanne Devrios, who made her debut on the 4th inst., as Violetta, in "La Traviata," is thus spoken of by the *Sunday Times*:—"Unknown even by name, she came before her first audience as a perfect stranger, and was received with the coolness usual in our musical characteristic when strangers are concerned. Nevertheless, Mlle Devrios was not without claim to consideration before she commenced to sing. Her father, we believe, was once an esteemed member of Mr. Gye's company at the Lyceum; and has a slader now on the Parisian operatic stage, and her own personal achievements have not been small. The few acquainted with these facts probably expected that she would show considerable merit, and we may say at once that they were not disappointed. Mlle Devrios has an agreeable manner and appearance, her knowledge of stage business is great, and she acts with naturalness and force, no matter what the situation may be. As a vocalist Mlle. Devrios is well qualified by a pure soprano voice, wanting only the element of strength; she sings with facility and expression, and does all her work with a quiet intensity often productive of genuine effect. Her first English audiences were not long in discovering some, at least, of these merits, and gradually Mlle. Devrios won her way into their good graces. She was twice recalled after her first air, and similar honors were subsequently paid her. On the 6th Mlle. Marimon sang Rosina in "Il Barbiere" for the first time, meeting with much success; on the 7th "Anna Bolena" was performed, and "La Traviata" was repeated on the 9th; on the 11th "Il Flauto Magico," and on the 13th "Lucia di Lammermoor" were sung.....The English Opera Company at the National Standard were announced to perform, during the week ending Nov. 18th, "Trovatore," "Bohemian Girl" and "Sonnambula," all preceded by the "Waterman."....At the Philharmonic "Geneviève de Brabant" was produced for the first time in London, Eng., Nov. 11th.....The Opera Comique was opened on Nov. 6th by a company of German operatic artists, under the direction of Herr Charles Weyder, for the production of opera bouffe.

"LOHENGRIN" is now given in Pesth, and the Hungarians are madly delighted with Wagner's music.

THE VIOLINISTS SIVORI and Mme. Menbelli are at present on an artistic tour in Prussia.

WM. FOWLER, flutist of the Theatre Royal, died at Middlesboro', Eng., Nov. 2d, aged twenty-five years.

MISS MINNIE HAUCK is meeting with success at Vienna. On Nov. 23d she gave a matinee performance at the Karl Theatre for the benefit of the Chicago sufferers, when the attendance was very large, and the prices received for boxes were five times the usual rates.

THE GUNGLS, on Nov. 23d, had returned to London, Eng., from the continent, where, it is said, he met with success in securing the assistance of the different powers in his projected Universal Musical Festival at Boston, in 1872.

MADAME PAREPA ROSA has been appointed professor of singing at the Conservatoire de Music, Paris.

A MADRID MANAGER, having refused the author's rights to Offenbach, for having performed the "Chateau de Toto" at the Zarzuela Theatre, has been condemned by a Madrid tribunal to pay 1,000 reals, and is interdicted from performing the opera in future.

THE ALLEGHANIAN VOCALISTS and Swiss Bell players were announced to give a concert at Liverpool, Eng., Nov. 15th. The following artists were announced:—Miss Carrie Hiffert, contralto; George S. Weed, tenor; Walter Field, buffo, and J. M. Boulard, basso. John Calderwood is their secretary or agent.

Variety Halls.

AT THE LONDON, Eng., MUSIC HALLS but few changes of importance have occurred. At the Holborn, Eugenie, aerial gymnast, who, while blindfolded, is said to perform wonderful feats, was to have commenced an engagement Nov. 13th. The additional chief features were Mons. Louis and Ormond, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, duettists; Mr. Du Val and J. W. Rowan, comic, Kate Garston, serio-comic, Louie Austin and Nellie Moon .....At the Metropolitan, Victoria Hall, flying trapeze performer, had been added to the company.....At the Cambridge, Professor Jefferson, man fish, and little Willie, the aquatic wonder, were the chief features .....At the Marylebone the chief features were Herr and Mme Geibekes, duettists; the sisters Stuart; John Hill, negro delineator; the brothers Rousillon, *tumpes* performers, and Rogers and Leslie, duettists .....At the Sun the company consists of Fredericks and Fulan, comic duettists; Amy Horton, serio-comic; Frank Egerton, comic; John Hill, negro comedian; the Martinetti family, Herr Seemann's marvels of magic, Miss Beatrice Bermond, serio-comic; brothers Mortimer, characteristic duettists; Tom Ward, negro delineator and clog dancer; Sam Bignall, shakespearean comic; J. G. Forde, the patter singer; the Oberon Opera Choir, eleven in number; Messrs. Henri and Charlan, continental acrobats.....No changes of importance at the other halls.

AT PARKER'S, Bradford, Eng., the latest novelties were a Spanish troupe of acrobats, male and female, five in number, with Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard, and Young Lamb, Ethiopian delineators.

AT THE OXFORD, Brighton, Eng., the Guiness troupe of dancers, ten in number, and the sisters Tudor were the latest arrivals.

IN LIVERPOOL, ENG., at the New Star, *Les Petits* Roussells, acrobats; Harry Lovey and Connolly, comics; L. Graham, serio-comic, and M. Lindsay, soprano, were the leading attractions at the Rotunda, the sisters Gilbee Gilford, Edwin Forrest, comic, and the Lilliputian Lancers' band were the new additions.....At the Parkhead, Glasgow, Scotland, Miss Cheriton, character vocalist and dancer; Kate Clifton, impersonator of male characters, and Kate Kelly, serio comic, were the new comers.

THOMAS ALBERTO, the eldest brother of the Alberto troupe, died at Rochdale, Eng., Nov. 6th, aged thirty-one years.

J. LEE VENT, a member of the Parisian troupe of gymnasts, known as Le Vent, Henri and Charlan, died at Brussels, Oct. 25th.

GEORGE NEUMAN, vocalist, died at Southwark, Eng., Nov. 2d, of inflammation of the bowels.

Negro Minstrelsy.

MOORE AND BURGESS' Christy Minstrels have renewed their lease of St. James Hall for a period of fifteen years. They have for some time past been performing in the large hall while their hall has been altered and re-decorated. It was to have been re-opened on Nov. 13th.

GEORGE ALEXANDER LINGARD, a popular member of the Christy Minstrels, who for many years performed before the public at St. James Hall, was cast into his last resting place on Friday, the 3d inst. His remains were accompanied from St. Bartholomew's Hospital—where he expired on Oct. 31st, from diseases of the lungs—to the grave by all the members of the Christy *corps*. After the coffin had been lowered and the burial service read, the whole of the minstrels surrounded the last resting place of their deserved friend and colleague and sang the hymn for the dead in an impressive manner. The solemn effect produced in singing the hymn, and the blent of the united voices created an impression seldom experienced in the proceedings of a like character. Mr. Lingard was only 33 years of age when he expired.

TOM'S CHRISTY MINSTRELS performed at Nantwich, Eng., Nov. 6th.

THE BROOKLYN CHRISTY MINSTRELS, an American troupe, performed in Liverpool, Eng., Nov. 15th.

CHARLES CHRISTY'S troupe of minstrels performed at Wisbaw, Eng., Nov. 6th.

W. H. LEE, business manager of the Slave Troupe of Georgia Minstrels, now in Liverpool, publishes a lengthy card in the *Liverpool Leader* of Nov. 11th, charging Chas. B. Hicks, now in this country, with sundry mere representations concerning himself, while in England, among these claiming to have been the recipient of a diamond pin at the hands of Sam Hague, that he fulfilled a successful engagement in London, that he appeared for twelve nights at the Star Music Hall, all of which are pronounced to be false and without foundation. He is also charged with having represented himself, in Liverpool, to be a paid correspondent of the CLIPPER, which was also false. Mr. Lee is very severe on Hicks, and, if his statements are correct, Hicks is placed in a somewhat awkward predicament.

THE CHOCOLATE MINSTRELS," composed of a portion of the crew of the U. S. ship Colorado at last advices in Japan, manage to amuse themselves and the officers and sailors of the other companies on board ship. Below we give a short note, received from one of the crew, accompanying which was a pamphlet, containing several songs, etc., composed and sung by the jolly tars of Uncle Sam's ships. Here is a copy of the note:—

FLAG-SHIP COLORADO, YOKAHAMA, Japan, Oct. 1871.

FRANK QUEEN.—SIR.—I am happy to state that the CLIPPER has made its appearance on board our ship, not one number having gone astray. The pamphlet which goes with this may serve to give you an idea of one of the many ways we blue jackets have of making our three years pass away pleasantly. Its contents, if not all exactly of our line, may interest you and should you see fit to use any part of them, you are at liberty to do so. During the early part of the cruise one of our officers said that it was his intention to keep you posted about the cruise. I am sorry to say he has failed to do so. With many well wishes, I remain yours, respectfully, FRED. H. FRANKLIN.

Circuses.

IN LONDON, Eng., at Astley's no change had occurred.....At the Royal Amphitheatre, Holborn, the chief features were the "Flying" Leonos, Mons. Eugene, Mlle Kenebel and *le petit* Willie and Mlle Gaertner, with her leaping horse, May Flower.....At "Hengler's Cirque, an equestrian spectacle called the "Lists of Ashby" was to have been produced Nov. 11th.

NEWSOME'S CIRCUS closed its season at Aberdeen, Scotland, Nov. 11th.....Pinder's commenced its winter season at Barrow-in-Furness, Nov. 3d.....Allen's closed at Bishop Auckland, Nov. 8th.....Hutchinson and Taylene's commenced the winter season at Cardiff, Nov. 6th.....Ginnett's opened for the winter at Coventry, Nov. 6th.....Mander's commenced its winter season at Poole's, commenced a winter season at Liverpool, Eng., Nov. 6th.....Adams' was to have commenced the winter season at Norwich, Eng., Nov. 13th..... Sanger's was located at Preston, Eng.

CARLETTA'S CIRCUS left Rio Janiero in the latter part of October, and went to Bahia, Brazil.

Miscellaneous.

THE TWO-HEADED NIGHTINGALE TROUPE performed four days at Birmingham, Eng., and went thence to Coventry at our latest advices.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS read at Rumsgate, Eng., Nov. 11th, and was to have been at Rochester 13th and 14th.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE GLOBE,
728 AND 730 BROADWAY.
CHARLES H. DAY.....Business Manager
THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL!
MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 27th,
AND EVERY NIGHT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,
THE GLOBE
MINSTRELS.
TWENTY ETHIOPIAN STARS.
First appearance in connection with the
H. E. SANFORD'S BUDWORTH.
G. W. H. Grimm, D. S. Vernon, J. Cooke, W. P. Grier, Arthur McKoun, F. Meyering, J. T. Withers, Al Nino Keddie, the "Boy Blondin," Complete Orchestra and Superb Quartet. Grand Matinee Thanksgiving Day. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. 35-1t

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FIRST CLASS MINSTREL AND VARIETY T

THE OLD ROOSTER.

A TENDER THANKSGIVING LAY.

Listen, my boy, and you shall know
A thing that happened a long time ago.
When I was as tall as my knee,
And the youngest of all the children, too.
I laugh even now as I think it o'er,
'Twas the chilly eve of an autumn day,
We were all in the kitchen cheery and gay,
The fire burned bright on the old brick hearth,
And its cheerful light gave zest to our mirth;
My eldest sister, addressing me,
"To-morrow's Thanksgiving, you know," said she,
"We must kill the chickens to-night, you see;
Now light the lantern and come with me.
I will wring their necks until they are dead,
And have them all dressed ere we go to bed."
So the huge old lantern, made of tin,
Punched full of holes and a candle within,
Put in its appearance in a shorter time
Than it takes to make this jingling rhyme.
We started off, and the way I led,
We started off, and the way I led,
For a raid on the chickens under the shed.
A pile of roots filled the open space,
Thus making a splendid roosting place;
And a motley tribe of domestic fowls
Sat perched there as grave and demure as owls.
My sister, unused to sights of blood,
And pale with excitement, trembling stood;
But summoning courage, she laid her plans,
And seized the old rooster with both her hands,
And with triumph written all over her face,
Her victim bore to the nearest space.
Then she wrung and wrung with might and main,
And wrung and twisted, and wrung again,
Till sure that the spark of life had fled,
She threw him down on the ground for dead.
But the rooster would not consent to die
And he made up into chicken pie,
So he sprang away with a cackle and bound,
Almost as soon as he touched the ground,
And hiding away from the candle's light,
Escaped the slaughter of that dark night.
My sister, thus brought to a sudden stand,
And looking at what she held in her hand,
Soon knew why the rooster was not dead—
She had wrung off his tail instead of his head.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT DUCK SHOOTING ON TURTLE BAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY L. W. H.

While attending an eastern college some few years ago, I roomed with a young man who, like myself, was an ardent disciple of Nimrod. Guns, dogs, the various kinds of game, and all things appertaining thereto, generally formed the current theme of our conversations, and much we grieved because game was reported to be so scarce in the vicinity of the place which we had adopted for our temporary residence. Many and long-spoken were our regrets thereat, and our grief-stricken souls seemed never to grow weary in contrasting our present quarters with those we had left behind us, as regarded the game question. After months of useless wailings, a brilliant thought flashed upon us. Perhaps, *perhaps*, we argued, these fellows around here don't understand the art of hunting; they might not be able to get any game, be it ever so plenty, on account of their unskilfulness in marksmanship, or total ignorance of the true science of sportsmanship. These accomplishments we innocently flattered ourselves into supposing that we possessed to perfection. Here was a chance to distinguish ourselves; here was a glorious opportunity which should not be neglected; here was a—well, we concluded to exercise a little modesty, and let the result of our attempt attest our skill, and prove that we as huntists we were successists." We hesitated for a moment as to what kind of game we should select for the slaughter, but finally decided to commence on ducks, and in the event of proving successful with them (which we never doubted), we would, on future occasions, ascend the *gamejent* until we reached a higher order of victims. So we set apart the following Saturday for the day of the massacre, and immediately went to work scouring up our guns, laying in an abundant stock of ammunition, and making grand preparations for the "all important day—big with the fate of" a hundred or more of the web-footed bipeds. The spare hours of the few intervening days were devoted more intensely than ever to the discussion of the game question, while in our nightly dreams huge clouds of mallards, canvass backs, teal, widgeon, etc., seemed to swarm about us in countless numbers. This naturally had the effect of making us still more eager for the fray, and when the eventful morning arrived we felt as blood-thirsty as could be desired.

We had decided to take the cars and go down the bay a distance of some fifteen miles, where there was a station, and there alighting, we would procure a conveyance and drive over to "Turtle Bay," the chosen scene of our operations. Very rosy the programme appeared as we formed it before our departure, but as we followed it out the roseate tints grew a few shades more sombre. But to return to the starting point. We carefully collected our "traps" and conveyed them to the train, and joyously seated ourselves therein. With pleasureable feelings we experienced the first motion of the train which was to bear us on to the sports of the day. We felt so completely full of the joyous thoughts of the good time coming that we could hardly restrain ourselves from "slopping over."

Though the train seemed never to move so slowly, we reached our destination in due time and stepped forth upon the platform. Asking a small boy, standing close by, where we could procure a horse and buggy, he said that he "guessed mebbe we might git ole Deacon Snooser's rig if we got there afore the ole buffer got drunk." Placing ourselves under the boy's guidance, we were conducted to the "ole buffer's" residence. The proprietor of the much-to-be desired "rig," upon being made aware of the object of our visit, informed us that we might have the use of his animal providing we would "take good keer of him, and leave something as a reminder in case we should forget to come back." Gratuitously we should have regarded this as an insult, but not feeling very high-toned just at that particular time, we weren't disposed to resent his mild insinuation. So I left my watch and chain in his possession as an evidence that my intentions were honorable. This satisfied the old fellow, and he told us that the horse and buggy would be ready for us in a few minutes. We seated ourselves and presently the most forlorn, dilapidated-looking old quadruped that ever a "blue-bottle" worried made his appearance, and in his wake followed a four-wheeled arrangement, which might have been a buggy once, but if so, it must have been when the great-grandsire of the above pile of rubbish was in his colt. But we made no comment, as it was evidently that or nothing. As we were about to depart the Deacon told us with a grin:—"Not to let old Selim go too fast, or we might have some difficulty in keepin' our hats on." We apprehended no such trouble, however, and so informed him. The old horse struck his gait (the damage done to the *gait* was trifling), and off we went at the rate of three miles an hour.

In spite of our wearisome rate of progress and the dilapidated appearance of the barouche in which we were seated, we managed to keep up an exuberant flow of spirits. Shortly after leaving the village we caught a distant glimpse of the bright waters of the bay, gaily dancing in the sunlight, while a fresh life and vim was imparted to us by the bracing sea breeze which fanned our cheeks. Even the old horse seemed to momentarily partake of the infection and we hoped that "Selim was going to be himself again," but he soon relapsed into his old shuffling dog trot, and we found it useless to try to urge him out of it. Meeting a tiller of the soil, we inquired for further directions as to our course, and our way was pointed out to us. In answer to our query as to whether there were many ducks at the place to which we were going, he replied that there were "gobs ov 'em." This was encouraging, so on we went again with renewed hopes. After a drive of two hours and a half we reached the place where we were to leave our horse. Hastily alighting, we shouldered our guns and started for the marshes, distant a half mile or more. We covered the ground and found ourselves upon a flat, extended tract of land, through which a great many ditches had been cut, apparently for the purpose of drainage, and which divided the land into a number of variously shaped patches. We made our way, with some difficulty, over these ditches, and finally arrived at the shore of the bay, where we expected to find those ducks which had figured so prominently in our nightly visions. We saw none close at hand, but far out in the bay appeared great numbers of them. In fact, as the countryman had truly said, there were "gobs ov 'em." Here was an aggravation. There were the ducks in plain sight, but how were we to get at them? If we only had a boat—but we hadn't a boat and there was no way of getting one. Besides, even if we had a boat, would it be at all likely that the ducks would allow us to approach within gunshot of them? Seeing that we had none, we came to the conclusion that we should not. After our great preparations we didn't feel like giving it up just yet, so we made up our minds to wait awhile and see if the ducks wouldn't fly sufficiently near the shore to give us an occasional shot. The result of our waiting proved that if we had had one of Krupp's siege guns a fine opportunity would have offered itself for testing its range. But, as it was, our rifled guns were quite useless; in fact, stones or clubs would have answered the purpose fully as well. The only time we discharged our guns during that eventful day was when a stray sea gull chanced to fly over us. We took deliberate aim at it and—well, for aught I know to the contrary, it is still in the enjoyment of good health.

About that inhospitable shore we tarried until five o'clock in the afternoon, when we considered ourselves sufficiently disgusted with the day's sport (?), as the evening train was due at the station at nine, we would have ample time to return to the village and get our supper before it came along. So, shouldering our guns, we wearily plodded homewards. As the worthy H. W. B. occasionally remarks, in "Onawwood," here is where "the plot thickens." As I have before remarked, we had walked out upon a salt water marsh which was cut up into small islands by a network of ditches. As we now saw, we had crossed these ditches when the tide was out. On attempting to return, we found that the tide had so far taken advantage of our absence as to put about four feet of water into them. A conundrum now proposed itself which proved to be a "sticker," viz.:—*How were we to cross the aforesaid ditches?* Night would soon be along, and the train would soon be along, and it behooved us to get along, if possible. But those ditches were capable of such extensive and murderous jumping. They were neither fordable, swimmable nor jumpable. Ned Searles, the champion "jumpist," might possibly have leaped over them, but we rather doubted our ability to do so. No alternative presenting itself, however, we nevertheless resolved to try it. My companion made the first venture. The result of his efforts demonstrated that if he didn't had been two feet narrower, or that he jumped two feet further, his attempt would have proved a perfect success. But as it was, he made a most signal failure, and landed up to his chin in mud and water. (I may here remark that this was the only duck that was got that day by either of us.) After a few moments he clambered up the opposite bank, presenting much the same appearance that I fancy a mudturtle might under similar circumstances. His condition was by no means enviable, but fortunately neither the water nor the weather were very cold, so nothing was seriously injured, excepting his feelings.

We now saw that we would be obliged to remain where we were until the tide ran out. Wast ever, O, lamb-like reader, in a similar predicament? If your answer be in the affirmative, 'tis needless to narrate the unpleasant particulars, for "you know how it is yourself." If, however, you reply in the negative, then must I also refrain from going into the details of the case, for words would be too feeble to express the keenness of our misery during that dreary, soul-sickening wait of six hours. As two complaining frogs, perched upon opposite sides of a mud puddle, dismally croak upon their painful grievances, so did we, unhappy wights, sorrowfully groan over the hard luck we were called upon to endure. Had we by nature been profane, what a splendid opportunity was here offered for a display of our ability in that direction! We could have cursed the ducks, the mud, the water, the ditches, and, above all, the conceited ignorance of our egotistical numskulls for going hunting at all. But, not being addicted to profanity, we forbore giving utterance to such sentiments, though, possibly, we touched upon them in our thoughts.

"Time conquers all things," and when the allotted period had expired we effected a crossing. It was now about eleven o'clock, and the darkness of the night was so intense that a chunk of charcoal might seem only to have served the purpose of a lantern. The next hour was occupied in stumbling over the remaining ditches and regaining the road. When we at last reached the place where we had left our Arab steed, we found that the fiery courser had "got up on his ear and was kicked off," or, to use a more classical expression, the *honest* old Charger (after oats) was *non est*. We regarded this as a very odd circumstance until I happened to remember that in my haste to get after the ducks I had forgotten to tie the animal. We were now getting so thoroughly inured to our perverse luck that we bore this final vexation without an audible murmur. So, merely "yanking" a few sighs by way of relieving our pent up feelings, we set out upon our tramp to the village. I will leave the reader to imagine the beauties of an eight mile walk, as we, weary, disgusted and heart-sick mortals performed it, with the pleasant accessories of midnight and a strange road thrown in. The only consolation we could find about it was that we were not encumbered with a load of ducks. And what a consolation that was! Oh! yes, certainly. If Mark Tapley's jollity wouldn't have fizzled out on that eventful occasion, then indeed would he have been entitled to some credit therefor. Shortly before day break we "might have been seen" (had there been sufficient light for the purpose) wending our way into the village. Having reached the tavern, we rapped up the landlord, gained admittance and fiercely clamored for something to eat. We were told that we would have to wait until breakfast time. At this information we darkly hinted that we *had* been known to lunch off of a landlord on a precisely similar occasion, not a great while ago, and advised him as a friend that, in case he didn't wish to make helpless orphans of his children, to procure us something with which we might line our diaphragms. The beneficial effects of our counsel were soon made apparent, for he immediately softened and made a dive for the kitchen, whence he shortly returned with some remnants of the evening meal, which we, without any delay, proceeded to sling under our vests. Our appetite appeased, exhaustion got the better of us, and, tumbling into bed, we wooed the balmy god with great success. I had been asleep but a short time, when I was suddenly aroused from my slumbers by a feeling of suffocation. I soon found that this was caused by my companion, whose hands were lovingly though tightly clasped about my throat. As I was upon the point of being strangled, I endeavored to awaken him by grasping his nasal appendage and twisting it into the shape of a corkscrew, at the same time intensifying the operation by kicking him out of the bed. This, I can conscientiously say, had the desired effect. When he had sufficiently recovered consciousness he explained the cause of his singular actions to me. It seems that, naturally enough, he had been dreaming that he was out hunting. Ducks had been flying over him in great numbers, but he had shot away all of his ammunition, excepting one charge, without getting any of them. He now resolved to closely watch his chance, and not shoot until he had a dead sure thing. He finally saw a duck flying directly towards him and very low down. On its near approach he discovered, to his great amazement, that it had a three cent piece attached to it's tail feathers. With a cry of "Let us have (that) piece" he raised his gun, fired and knocked the duck down, though it proved to be only slightly crippled. Being anxious to secure the bird, and more particularly the specie attached to it (my companion is a Jew and mercenary cuss), he started in pursuit of it. After chasing it for miles through ponds and marshes he finally overtook it, and grabbing at it in his frantic eagerness, he clutched—me by the throat and nearly choked me.

Upon going down to breakfast in the morning, we found Slim's owner awaiting us with the information that the old horse had arrived home in safety, but that one of the wheels of the vehicle was missing. He likewise recommended a prompt settlement of the damages, providing I wished to regain possession of my watch. After considerable haggling I paid him as much for the missing wheel as I considered the whole arrangement worth, whereat he restored my property and went on his way rejoicing.

It being Sunday, and no trains running, we were obliged to pass that day in the village. Feeling the need of something to calm our disordered minds and smooth down our ruffled spirits, we attended church, partly for the aforesaid purpose and partly to kill time (N. B.—Time was about the only thing we did kill during our entire hunt). We were highly edified by hearing a sermon preached from the text—as nearly as I can recollect it:—"Blessed is he who expecteth little, for he shall not be disappointed." We found it very applicable as to what we had expected of the sermon, and resolved to make it our motto in case we should ever go hunting again.

The following morning we took good care to be in time for the train and arrived safely at our destination. We were met at the depot by a large and admiring delegation of our class-mates, who said they had came down to help us carry up our game. We intimated that, on account of slaying much more than we had anticipated, that we had been obliged to telegraph for some extra freight cars, and that they would probably arrive in the evening with the fruits of our expedition. As may be imagined, this was rather "too thin," and the derisive shouts of laughter which greeted our ears were neither few nor faint.

Ever since that memorable excursion my companion has rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of "Red Head," while your humble servant has commonly been known as "Old Muscovy." In the poetical and truthful language of the oft quoted Bret Harte (slightly altered to suit the feelings of My Hear!) might not a fitting and final query be made as follows:—

Do I sleep? do I dream?
Do I wander and doubt?
Are things what they seem,
Or are ducks not about?
Has our much-talked-of hunt been a failure?
Or is the duck shooting plowed out?

ALL FOR LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
By HANK DARLEY.

In what way can it interest you, gentlemen? I'm only going to hang for ridding the world of a woman as far below me as I am below the sky. Yes; she was my wife, but just that kind of wife that makes man's life a bitter, stinging existence. That kind of a wife that causes all your institutions to fill up with men of reckless bearing and character.

Do you care about hearing the circumstances connected with this affair? If you do, open your ears and I will tell you a story that, perhaps, will make your blood run cold within your veins.

I was born and lived in Providence, R. I., till I was sixteen years of age. I always had a liking for a dramatic life; and when the "Western Theatre Company" visited our little city, playing for six nights only, I was delighted. They gave a grand turnout on their *entree*, and I followed them all through the town; and with their gay and flashing costumes my heart was too full to give thought for anything else. There was one person in their company who attracted my attention from the others. I was a young lady about my own age, with eyes like the sky, cheeks like the rose, and blooming roses and hair that fell over her shoulders like the silk that hangs from the ripening corn. When the procession was over I hurried home and begged my mother to allow me to see the performance. She consented after a while, and I was to go once, and once only. She gave me a few dollars, and at night I flew to the theatre. "Richard III" was the performance and Miss Lizzie Delmar appeared as the "Prince of Wales."

I bought a boquet before I entered the theatre, resolved to give it to my charmer on her entrance. I looked in every scene for my beauty of the procession, but saw her not until the third act. She it was that played the Prince, and when she spoke those lines:—"*And if I live until I am a man, I'll win a world of captives with my eyes, or die a soldier, as I lived a man,*" I threw my boquet to her and she gave me a smile that has made many others fools. After the theatre was out I waited by the door to see my Venus again. She soon came, and as luck would have it, she was alone. When she had walked a little she suddenly stopped, and facing me, looked searchingly in my face.

"Are you the young man that threw the boquet of flowers to me this evening?" she asked.

My face must have shown my confusion when she made the inquiry, but I informed her that I was. Conversation followed, and I saw her home. She asked me to call next day. I did, and the five days following. I fell desperately in love with her, gentlemen; and when the company departed for the next town after which it played, I left my mother's roof to follow the fortunes of Lizzie Delmar.

The next Monday evening I occupied a front seat in the first tier. She recognized me and smiled. I waited again after the performance and met her. I informed her that I meant to follow, and, if possible, secure a position in the company. She told me if I'd call on her in the morning she would take me before the manager and see what could be done. We went. I got a position and was properly installed in a private box, according to Mat. I was jump now, and pass over eighteen years of my life. I was termed at thirty-four years of age to be a good *leading man*. How did I make *that* raise?

Well, it was all through the influence of Lizzie Delmar. Seeing I had a good voice, the manager gave me small parts; I improved; was made walking gent; and when I reached my third year, was the juvenile leading man.

"What became of Lizzie Delmar?"

She became my wife. We traveled together, and at last turned up in New York. There we became popular. I noticed every night a young chap in the box on the right who would throw my wife costly boquets. I never thought much of this till one day, on entering the sitting room, I saw him in close proximity to her on the sofa. I loved that woman, gentlemen, I loved her! I loved her so that it turned me upside down. I left them, for they had not observed me. I kept my mind's eye open after that, and often would I find them together. *Once too often.* I ought them together where they should not be—in bed. *What did I do?* Kill them as they lay? Oh, no! I waited for *my* turn to come. I drank freely after that. One night we were to play "Othello," I playing the Moor, she Desdemona. Oh! how I waited for the last act. It came; how I said some of my lines I never knew; but when I, to Desdemona, said the lines, "*Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin; for to deny each article with oath cannot remove nor choke the strong conception that I do groan withal. Thou art to die.*" Oh! how the applause did ring through the house! It was the crowning act of my life. I didn't give her time "to say one prayer!" no, no! but I went to work at her throat like a starved man would at a good meal. She saw I was in liquor, and, struggling with me, she sprang from the couch. Screams after scream rang through the theatre; but the people took it as part of the play. It don't take long to choke a woman, and I choked her till she was dead.

When Montano Gratiano and Iago made their entrance, I saw in them the officers of the law, and slashed my sword around with the fury of a madman; but they soon overpowered me. I was tried and sentenced to be hung till I was dead. I made no appeal to the court; have no desire to live. I did not wish to harm the other man, for he, like many others, had been lured on by a woman false to her marriage vows. You have it all, gentlemen, and if you think I told it to gain your sympathy you are mistaken.

Like David Garrick, I became a famous actor, applauded, feasted and marveled at by many. The lamp of my life has burnt out, leaving me in darkness. In a little white cottage in Providence I left my widowed mother. Seek her out, gentlemen, and if she still lives tell her gently that Walter ——, once her joy and pride, is now a convicted murderer. Ask her in my name to pray for and forgive her wayward boy. Tell her I have always loved her, but feared to write lest I should from blissful dreams awaken. Go! I would be alone. But seek her, gentlemen, and when you find her, like Lodovico did to the people of Venice, to my mother THIS HEAVY ACT WITH HEAVY HEART RELATE.

CONCERNING "DRINKS."—It is not always that a theory can be most clearly elucidated by a practical demonstration. A few days since a party of gentlemen in a Troy (N. Y.) saloon, were disputing over the question whether the American system of treating, or the European system of not treating, was preferable. A prolonged argument only proved that the matter could not be settled by talking, and so a practical test was resorted to. First, each man took a drink by himself. Then each man invited a single friend to drink. After that each single friend returned the compliment. And finally each man in the party—there were six of them—asked all the rest to drink. Singularly enough, says a local journal, the result of this apparently fair and impartial test was that not one of the party could tell where the discussion originated or what it was about.

"THE BOOTBLACK."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALDORF H. PHILLIPS.

[A gentleman walking through the City Hall Park, being accosted by a bootblack, bade the 'loafer' move on. The following is supposed to be bootblack's reply.]

Loafer!	Loafer!
Yes, that's what they calls me;	We don't fret—we don't worry;
But, sir,	Though, sir,
That don't hurt me you see.	We is sometimes real sorry.
Loafer!	God, sir—
Oh, yes—but we're needed,	He made me, as well as you.
Though our	Loafer!
Ranks might well be weeded.	Oh, sir, if you only knew,
Loafer!	How, sir,
Think a second, sir, just think—	We're looked down on and scorn-
Loafer!	Loafer! [ed,
Oh, well, what do we care,	We arns our livin'—does we,
With our pockets full of chink,	Though we's not very learned,
And we as free as air.	And loafers at that, you see!

DAN. O'CONNELL AND MRS. MORIARTY.

An Old But Good Story.

It was at an Irish court of justice that Mr. O'Connell could be seen to greatest advantage. Every quality of the lawyer and the advocate he displayed. He showed research and perfect mastery of his profession, and he exhibited his own great and innate qualities. Who that ever beheld him on the Munster Circuit, when he was in the height of his fame, but must have admired his prodigious versatility of formidable powers. His pathos was often admirable; his humor flowed without effort or art. What jokes he uttered!—what sarcasms! How well he worked his case through, never throwing away a chance, never relaxing his untiring energies.

One of the drollest scenes of vituperation that O'Connell ever figured in took place in the early part of his life. Not long after he was called to the bar, his character and peculiar talents received rapid recognition from all who were even casually acquainted with him. His talent for vituperative language was percieved, and by some he was, even in those days, considered matchless as a scold. There was, however, at that time in Dublin a certain woman, Biddy Moriarty, who had a huckster's stall on one of the quays nearly opposite the Four Courts. She was a virago of the first order, very able with her fist, and still more formidable with her tongue. From one end of Dublin to the other she was notorious for her powers of abuse, and even in the province Mrs. Moriarty's language had passed into currency. The dictionary of Dublin slang had been considerably enlarged by her, and her voluble impudence had almost become proverbial. Some of O'Connell's friends, however, thought that he could beat her in the use of her own weapons. Of this, however, he had some doubts himself, when he had listened once or twice to some minor specimens of her Billingsgate. It was mooted once whether the young Kerry barrister could encounter her, and in one of the company (in O'Connell's presence) rather too freely ridiculed the idea of his being able to meet the famous Madam Moriarty. O'Connell never liked the idea of being put down, and he profe-sed his readiness to encounter her, and even backed himself for the match. Bets were offered and taken; it was decided that the match should come off at once.

The party adjourned to the huckster's stall, and there was the owner herself, superintending the sale of her small wares—a few loungers and ragged idlers were hanging round her stall—for Biddy was a "character," and in her way, was one of the sights of Dublin.

O'Connell was very confident of success. He had laid an ingenious plan for overcoming her, and with all the anxiety of an ardent experimentalist, waited to put it into practice. He took the open attack. At this time O'Connell's own party and the loungers about the place formed an audience quite sufficient to arouse Mrs. Moriarty, on public provocation, to a due exhibition of her powers. O'Connell commenced the attack:—

"What's the price of this walking stick, Mrs. What's-your-name?"

"Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good one it is; and what have you got to say agen it? and one-and-six-pence's the price of the stick. Troth it's cheap as dirt—so it is."

"One-and-six pence for a walking stick; whew! why you are no better than an impostor, to ask eighteenpence for what cost you twopence."

"Twopence, your grandmother," replied Biddy; "do you mane to say that it's chating the people I am? Impostor, indeed!"

"Ay, impose on; and it's that I call you to your teeth," rejoined O'Connell.

"Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old *diagonal*," cried O'Connell, calmly.

"Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger; or by this and that," cried Mrs. Moriarty, showing her fists. "I'll make you go quicker nor you come."

"Don't be in a passion, my old *radius*—anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the hoker, if you say another word of impudence, I'll tan your dirty hide, you bastely common scrub; and sorry I'd be to soil my fists upon your carcase."

"Whew! boys, what a passion old Biddy is in! I protest, as I'm a gentleman—"

"Gintleman! gintleman! the likes of you a gintleman! Wisha, by gar; that bangs Banagher. Why you potato-faced pippin-sneezer, when did a Madagascar monkey like you pick enough of common Christian decency to hide your Kerry brogue."

"Easy, now—easy, now," cried O'Connell, with imperturable good humor, "don't choke yourself with fine language you old hiskey-drinking *parallelogram*."

"What's that you call me, you murderin' villain?" roared Mrs. Moriarty, stung into fury.

"I call you," answered O'Connell, "a *parallelogram*, and a Dublin judge and jury will say that it's no libel to call you so!"

"Oh, fare-an-onns! Oh, holy Biddy! that an honest woman like me should be called a parrybeegrum to her face. I'm nane of your parrybellygrums, you rascally gallows-bird; you cowardly, sneaking, plate-lickin' bilgard!"

"Oh, not you, indeed!" retorted O'Connell: "why, I suppose you'll deny that you keep an *hypothenuse* in your house?"

"It's a lie for you, you dirty robber; I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thief."

"Why, sure all the neighbors know very well that you keep, not only an *hypothenuse*, but that you go out to walk with him every Sunday, you heartless old *heptagon*."

"Oh, hear that, ye saints of glory! Oh, there's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass for a gintleman. May the devil fly away with you, you micher from Munster, and make celery sauce of your rotten limbs, you mealy-mouthed tub of garbage."

"Ah, you can't deny the charge, you miserable *submultiple* of a *duplicate ratio*."

"Oh, rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty tinclepitcher; after all the bad words you speak it ought to be flither than your face, you dirty chicken of Beelzebub."

"Rinse your own mouth, you wicked-minded old *polygon*. To the devil I pitch you, you blustering intersection of a stinking *superficies*!"

"You saucy linker's apprentice if you don't cease your jaw I'll—" Here she paused for breath, unable to hawk up any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

"While I have a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimitable *periphery*. Look at her, boys! there she stands a convicted *perpendicular* in petticoats! There's no examination in her *circumference*, and she trembles with guilt in her extremities. The two *semidiameters*, all your fourteen, you *rectilinear antecedent, equilangular* old hag! 'Tis with you the old one will fly away, you porter-swiping simpleitude of the *bisection* of a *vortex*."

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a saucepan, she was aiming at O'Connell's head when he very prudently made a timely retreat.

"You have won the wager, O'Connell—here's your bet," cried the gentleman who proposed the contest.

O'Connell knew well the use of sound in the vituperation, and, having to deal with an ignorant scold, determined to overcome her in volubility, by using all the high sounding words which occur in Euclid. With these, and a few significant epithets, and a scoffing, impudent demeanor, he had, for once, imposed silence on Biddy Moriarty.

MAT MORGAN,

Who was Cured of the Cholera by Fright.

We have heard of several persons whose fear of the cholera invited its attack. We know of no one, except it be Mat Morgan, who was driven from the land. Mat was gardener, groom, and man-of-all-work to a merchant; and an honest fellow he was—and is, for that matter—and most assiduous in the discharge of his multifarious avocations. At early morning he might be heard singing as he cultivated his vegetables; or at evening whistling when he rubbed down the horse. Mat was taken suddenly ill on the 4th of July, last month, with the cramp in his stomach, and he thought that his whistling and singing were all over with him.

"Oh! ah! ee!" said he, running into the house of his master, who happened at the time to be at his office in the city. "Oh! ah! ee!" he repeated, clasping his hands over his stomach.

"Why, what's the matter, Matthew?" said the citizen's wife.

"Oh, murther ma'am! I'm kilt entirely. I feel me bowels tumblin' about like eels in a barrel. I've got the cholera morbus. Oh! ah! there it is again!"

"Well, then, Matthew," said his mistress, "Sampson has the buggy at the door; get into it, and he will drive you right off to the nearest hospital; for I am told the cholera patients have the very best nursing and medical attendance there.

Mat did as she bade him, and he was soon in the hospital. As soon as he went in some medicine was administered to him, which alleviated in some measure his pain. He then looked about him, and sooth to say, he did not like the appearance of things in his ward over well. Some poor fellows were writhing in pain, others, prostrated by the disease, were as still as if death had already set his seal on their lips, and others were breathing as men do who life is about to depart from them. Now some poor fellow was carried in cold and livid—a strongly marked case of the disease; now the porter's bell tolled fitfully, and two men entered, and rolling a corpse out of the bed where it lay, carried it between them down stairs. It was too much for poor Mat; up he bounced from his bed, thrust himself into his clothes, and in twenty minutes was back at the house of his employer, whom he found within to him.

"Why, Mat," said his master, "I thought you were in the hospital?" "So I was," said Mat.

"And why did you not remain there?" said his master; "surely you are not well yet?" "Never was better in my life, sir," said Mat. "By Gorra, half an hour in that consarn ought to kill or cure any one."

"How is that?" said his master. "Ooh! there's such mortal sights there!" said Mat. "I was not well laid in my bed, when I heerd the bell; it was not a natural ring, aither, but a kind of a growl, like the bark of a spirit that wid asshume the shape of a dog in a churchyard."

"What is that?—fire is it?" sez I to an ould fellow that was tyin' a bit o' paper with my name on it to the bed post. No, it's the dead bell,' sez he. 'No. 79 is to be taken to the dead house.'

"What for?" sez I. 'To be dissected,' sez he.

"What! like a pork pig?" sez I; 'devided at the joints?' 'Just so,' sez he.

"'And what's that for?' sez I. 'For the benefit of the science,' sez he.

"And sure enough, a couple of fellows came in, and very unconsarnedly they rouled 79 into their handbarrow and carried him off.

"There it is again,' sez I. 'What?' sez he.

"That frightful ould bell, sez I. 'Yis,' sez he, 'it's 73's turne this time.'

"'And does he go to the dead house, too?' sez I. 'Of coorse he does,' sez he; 'where else would you have him go to?'

"'And do ye have no wakes here?' sez I. 'No, nor no funerals, naither,' sez he.

"'Nor no cryin' over the corpse?' sez I. 'No, that's vulgar,' sez he—no people does that but the Irish.'

"Oh! murther!' sez I, 'and ye call this a Christian country; but you won't catch me dyin' or livin' here long aither, ould boy,' sez I. 'When I die, I want to drop off somehow that they'll bury me dacent;' and with that I jumped up, had me clothes on in a jiffy—and here I am, as well cured of the cholera as if I had swallowed a whole apothecary's shop."

"And what cured you so effectually, Mat?" asked his master.

"And what cured you so effectually, Mat?" asked his master.

"Well, to tell you the truth, sir," said Mat, "divil a thing did it but the *fright!*"

IN THE DIVES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

LIFE BELOW THE SIDEWALKS.

Strolling along Kearney street, in the evening, who has not heard the "elegant" brass bands, discoursing more noise than music, at a place profusely decorated with colored wood cuts, representing plantation darkies and dancing women, regardless of dress. A crowd around the musicians are drinking in the mellifluous sounds, taking in the voluptuous representations on the wall and gazing wistfully down the stairs, where the flash of many gas lights blaze upon the sawdust track leading to the mysteries below. Let us venture down and explore them. At the bottom of the stairway a ticket office and door keeper confront us. The gentleman politely inquires if we desire a box. We do, and are informed the price for that accommodation is three dollars. We are conducted through a long passage, on one side a blank wall, on the other little stalls, like those of a restaurant. At the extreme end our conductor, taking out a key, unlocks a door, and we find ourselves in a small triangular room, divided from the rest on two sides by a loose board partition, not quite reaching to the ceiling, and covered with paper which the shrinking boards had torn in numerous pieces, making nice "peek holes" through which to observe the surroundings. In front the "box" opened on the stage and orchestra, with a scant red curtain, to be closed or opened at pleasure. At the back, in the wings, was an open space occupied by a bar, with numerous chairs and stools placed in the front. On the curtain was a rough sketch of a pawnbroker's shop. The ceiling rafters were not more than nine feet from the ground, and on them rested the floors of the stores above, which were even with the street. Behind us ran rows of benches, rising one above another, until the occupants of the last one could have the satisfaction of bobbing their heads against the rafters, did they desire to applaud the performances in that fashion. Pit and dress circle were all in one, and, taking it altogether, the house would probably seat 300 people. Observe the crowd assembled there. Mudsills and lower drift; faces that had never known soap or razor; teeth innocent of a brush; low foreheads and shock-heads predominate. Some of the audience are in their shirt sleeves; a few have taken off their boots, and are airing their feet. Some squirt, squirt, squirt tobacco juice from a Cheap-John plug. Some puff, puff from cent cigars, and there is no ventilation. Three hundred human furnaces vaporizing. Nearly a hundred gas jets adding to the heat. Lubin absent, the state of thermometer and the aroma may be better imagined than described. We have hardly taken in the surroundings when, unnoticed, a couple of girls apparently, the ones sketched by the artist on the door, only he had attired his pictures more modestly. "How do you do?" is their salute. "First rate; how are you?" "Splendid; may I sit on your lap?" How can such a modest request be refused, when the lady is good-looking? We hesitate, which gives the girl confidence, and she sits down as coolly as if she had been introduced and had been asking observations would suppose we were old acquaintances, whereas we have never seen the young woman before in all our life. She would probably weigh about 130 pounds (we are generally considered good at guessing weights); is perfectly self-possessed, while we, on the contrary, are confused, and appear bashful and uncomfortable. We cast our eyes downward, but only to look up again immediately, for we become aware that the beautiful cut of the young woman's dress is made has given out before she got the upper part of the waist high enough for an extremely fashionable ball-room costume. There is a constant struggle going on all night between our good-looking, though disapproving friend and powder. We are not kept long in suspense as to what the next move will be, one of the girls propounding the interesting question of "what will you take to drink?" We decide upon drawing it mild, and reply:—"Soda, if you please." She disappears, but returns in a moment with four glasses on a tray—give her a half. "Ah, it's two bits a drink!"—another half. The contents of the tumblers have hardly disappeared, when in troops four or five more girls, all dressed in necklaces, shoes, tights, bracelets and a little piece of cotton-velvet or some gauzy stuff. "Won't you treat the girls?" "Certainly." Another drink all round—two dollars more. Then they all go out on the stage—if it may be called one—and form a half circle, in minstrel shape, nine girls, two end men, and a middle man and one extra. Bang, bang, bang goes the piano; toot, toot, toot go the horns. The overture has opened and the performance commences. We gather from the performers, but being a modest, retiring disposition, turn away again. Some of the girls are shorter "below" than "above," and when they are seated there is little left for the imagination. One of them leads off with a song, but her voice is metallic and not strong. Song follows song, and joke after joke, which will not bear repeating. One or two of the singers, perhaps, show traces of having had good voices, and the end men are tolerably good. Now and then something takes the fancy of the audience, and they disturb the caloric of the odoriferous air with approving grunts and applause. The singing over, the performers take their chairs off the stage and the girls visit the boxes again. At their solicitations we again stand treat; they all take light drinks and cigars, which they commence to smoke like men. Drink follows drink in rapid succession, and we begin to think it cannot be for the love of it, when one of the charmers, "becoming communicative," tells us how they get commissions on sales, and the mystery is solved. The young lady selling the largest number of drinks is naturally of the greatest use to her employer, and receives a salary in proportion. The box is filled with men drinking, smoking, and indulging in *double entendre* remarks. Again the girls go on the stage, this time for a "walk-around." Each one in her turn "gyrates" to some lively air, making the boards rattle and the dust fly, and ending with an attempt to throw the right foot over which generally results in throwing the scant dress rather high—the higher the louder the applause, and if thrown so as to be useless for the moment, an *encore* is sure to follow. All dance, and again the stage is cleared. Again the box is filled, and again the glasses rattle all around. We decline to join after the first time, but this is of no consequence so long as we pay. And this is continued until 12 o'clock, when the entertainment is declared to be "knocked out," and we have seen enough; we are disgusted and depart. We wade through the overladen air to the door and out into the cool, pleasant street above. What a relief! We have seen another phase in life. To those who have seen enough to reflect upon and who view it rightly, such an experience will not debase but will strengthen their moral feelings, and they will have with no desire to renew the visit.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

SPINDLE'S LAST GAME.

A FORTY-NINER'S STORY OF CALIFORNIA.

Spindle was a new arrival. The camp, with customary propriety, had dubbed him thus because he was so slim. On the same principle its awkwardness soon gave him notoriety. Nor this only; like One-Eyed Tom, Spindle had made one of the happiest hits of the day. Young, passionate, elated beyond degree with the splendor of his prospects, it was no surprise that he should mount the favor of the flashiest gamblers, who were the aristocrats of the camp. It was no wonder that they should discover his weakness and determine to "bait" him. Play? No, no; Spindle did not play; he only came in to watch the game; it was tiresome sitting there in the tent alone.

"Try it; double your stake on 'three,' triple it on a 'full,'" urged the pleasant faced fellow, who was just raking in a hundred slugs or more. Spindle was inclined to listen.

"Tell you what to do," said the gambler, continuing; "go me halves for an hour and see how you come out." Spindle did so. At the end of the hour he had won a "stake" of several thousand dollars.

Spindle was fascinated. "I will double this to-morrow night," said he, mentally, as he left the gambler's tent. He doub

with money in his pocket and a good home behind, the man has gone to Texas to bring back his "bonny bride."

TARRED AND FEATHERED BY HER HUSBAND.—The name of George Brasee and the record of his family squabbles have oft found prominence in our local police courts. Recently Geo. Brasee, with his wife, has been living in Union street, West Troy, N. Y., and we have had a lull in the news from this interesting family. The troubles, however, have continued in the Brasee household, and culminated yesterday morning in a gross outrage. Brasee charges that his wife is not true to him, and, as a fitting punishment, he arose early yesterday morning, and while she slept he scissored all the hair from her head, procured a pint of tar and some feathers, and applied it to the shorn poll. Awakening from her sleep, Mrs. Brasee found herself all be-meared with the sticking mass, and, after a liberal application of soap and water, had the husband arrested. He acknowledged his guilt, and, handing the scissors to the Justice, exclaimed:—"There, give these scissors to that old —— when she comes down!" Brasee was admitted to bail, and will be shortly tried on the charge.—*Troy Press, Nov. 18th.*

A CONFIDENTIAL CLERK'S NAUGHTY DOINGS.—DISHONEST APPROPRIATION OF $10,000.—ELOPEMENT AND A WIFE DESERTED.—Mr. William Henry, a confidential clerk in the firm of Kenney & Cox, gold brokers, 51 Exchange place, has mysteriously disappeared. Mr. Henry is a son-in-law of Mr. Kenney. On Tuesday last he abstracted a gold certificate for $10,000 from the safe and cashed it at the Bank of North America. This was the last seen or heard of him. No anxiety for his absence was expressed until Saturday, when it was discovered that a young lady who sung in the choir of a Bergen Point church was also mysteriously absent. Up to the present time the most diligent inquiries have failed to discover their whereabouts. Mr. Henry is a young man between twenty-two and twenty-three years of age. Before his marriage he resided at the Latourette House, Bergen Point. He was a member of the Argonauta Boat Club, and was very respectably connected. His father resides in Jersey City, and was, some years ago, pastor of the First Reformed Church of that city.—*N. Y. Sun, Nov. 25th.*

SUIT FOR BREACH OF PROMISE AND SEDUCTION.—The great breach of promise and seduction suit of Miss L. K. Turner against Senor Caledonio Ortes, a banker of Hermosillo, Mexico, divides public attention with the Horace Hawes contested will case in San Francisco. Miss Turner was formerly a school teacher, and afterwards an employee in the United States Branch Mint in this city. She was subsequently a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington. She is a daughter of the late Admiral Turner, U. S. N. Miss Turner says that she was seduced by Ortes, under a promise of marriage, while she was living in his family in the capacity of governess to his children, and that the criminal intimacy was continued for several years in this city. She asks for $200,000 damages. So says a telegram dated Nov. 24th.

ANCESTRAL FESTIVITIES.—Marriages a hundred years ago in England are thus described in an old paper:—Married in June, 1760, Mr. William Donkin, a considerable farmer, of Great Tosson, near Rothbury, in the County of Cumberland, to Miss Eleanor Shotten, an agreeable young gentlewoman, of the same place. The entertainment on this occasion was very grand, there being no less than 120 quarters of lamb, 44 quarters of veal, 20 quarters of mutton, and a great quantity of beef; 12 hams, with a suitable number of chickens, &c., which was concluded with eight half-ankers of brandy made into punch, 12 dozen of cider, a great many gallons of wine, and 90 bushels of malt made into beer. The company consisted of 550 ladies and gentlemen, and 25 fiddlers and pipers.

SLIPPERY.—A gentleman learned in the origin of social customs was asked what was the meaning of the custom of casting an old shoe after a newly married couple as they start on the trip. Said he:—"To indicate that the chances of matrimony are very slippery."

CHAPMAN S. RICHER, accused of recently seducing his sister-in-law, Mary J. Richardson, at West Chelmsford, Mass., and Dr. A. M. Ballard, accused of abortion, have disappeared.

A THEATRICAL LAW SUIT.

IMPORTANT TO ACTORS AND MANAGERS.

JOSIAH B. POLK vs. AUGUSTIN DALY.

In the New York Marine Court, Part 3, Judge Curtis presiding, an action was brought to recover a balance of salary claimed to be due the plaintiff under a contract entered into between Augustin Daly, the manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in this city, and Josiah B. Polk, a stock actor. By the terms of this contract, which was entered into in September, 1870, at the beginning of the regular theatrical season, the plaintiff, Polk, agreed to perform on any stage indicated by the defendant, Daly, all light comedy parts, and a share of the eccentric comedy until the close of the season on or about June 1st, 1871, at a salary of $65 per week and one benefit on the following terms, at the election of the plaintiff, Polk:—He either to receive the "net" proceeds (i. e., all the receipts, first deducting expenses) of one night's performance, or one-third of the gross receipts of that performance; but as the benefit never took place, Mr. Polk on the trial elected to take one-third of the gross receipts, the amount to be assessed by the jury. On April 10th, some eight weeks before the close of the season, Mr. Charles Mathews commenced a star engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, opening in "Married For Money," in which Mr. Polk was cast for Roylard. One rehearsal was had, from which Mr. Mathews was absent, and a second, at which he was present. After this second rehearsal Mr. Polk refused to act the *role* assigned him, upon the ground that it was neither a light nor eccentric comedy part, and that his performance thereof would tend to degrade him in the profession. Mr. Daly insisted upon Mr. Polk performing the part, but he refused, and Mr. Parkes was cast for and acted the part. Mr. Daly then sent Mr. Polk a note, discharging him, unconditionally. The latter then wrote Mr. Daly two notes, with a view to reconciliation, to which, however, Mr. Daly paid no attention. Mr. Polk then went to Chesapeake Bay, where he passed the remainder of the season in fishing. And on his return he instituted this suit. The defendant claimed that the part of Royland was in Polk's line, and that even if it was not, Polk had waived his right to refuse it by not doing so at the first rehearsal. To which the plaintiff, Polk, replied, that as the parts were given out separately to each actor, he could not decide upon the merits of his part until he had heard the context of the other parts spoken by the actors at rehearsal, and this could not be done at the first rehearsal in consequence of the absence of Mr. Mathews. Such is a plain statement of the case, which came up for trial, in the court above referred to, on Friday morning, Nov. 24th. The court room was crowded with distinguished members of the theatrical profession. Ex-Governor Lowe, of Maryland, appeared for the plaintiff, and Judge Roosevelt for the defendant.

THE TESTIMONY.

The plaintiff, Josiah B. Polk, was the first witness called, who testified as follows:—He held that the role of Royland is not a light comedy part, nor even an eccentric comedy part, which stands lower in the estimation of professionals than light comedy. His acceptance of the part would degrade him in his standing as an actor, and would injure him in his business. According to custom he had a right to withhold his refusal of a *role* until after a proper rehearsal of the piece with all the characters present had given him a fair understanding of the grade of such a *role*. At the first rehearsal Mr. Mathews, the principal character, was absent, and consequently it went for nothing. Mr. Daly had discharged him (Polk), during the previous season for a similar reason, and he was a little suspicious on that account, but he waited until the second rehearsal satisfied him of the nature of the *role* before refusing it. A play is generally given out in parts. Each actor takes his part at rehearsal, and reads it in his turn. Each part is preceded by the "cue," or the last three or four words to be spoken by the previous speaker. It is impossible to judge of the grade of a role until after a rehearsal by all concerned. At the time of his discharge it was impossible for him to obtain other employment in his profession, the season being near an end, and all managers filling up their companies before the season began. He had never seen or read the play before.

John Brougham, the next witness, gave the following testimony:—He had been an actor for years. He should judge the character of Royland to be that of a walking gentleman, one which does not come within the province of either light or eccentric comedy. The custom was to refuse a part after the first rehearsal.

John Gilbert testified that he is the acting manager of Wallack's Theatre. He himself had played in "Married for Money" fifteen years ago, and would call the part of Royland that of a walking gentleman.

Augustin Daly then took the stand, and, being asked what his average weekly receipts were from May 1st to June 1st, during which time Mr. Polk was to have taken his benefit, answered that during Mr. Mathews' engagement they had generally been as $3,500, of which Mr. Mathews took $2,900 and himself $1,500. They ran all the way from $400 to $1,000 per night, being oftenest nearer the former figure. He could not remember any conspiracy between himself and Harkins to get Polk out of the theatre. He had been a manager three years, and had been connected with theatricals during eight years previous. He was not intimately conversant with the different ranks of players on the stage, but understood the grades. He considered the grade of Royland light comedy. He had never been an actor himself, but had been a theatrical critic six years, and had written plays. In "Married for Money" there are four or five leading characters. There are only six characters in all, of which Royland ranks third. He is the lover of the play. The piece was only two weeks on the stage of the Fifth Avenue. It was fifteen or eighteen years old. After his refusal Mr. Polk made no offer of his services in any other play. Mr. Mathews is the leading eccentric comedian of the stage. He would not be expected to play at Polk's benefit unless it happened during his engagement. In the present case he would not. Witness had purchased Mrs. Morant's night of benefit, for $300, as her contract ran out before Mr. Mathews' return. Mr. Polk twice after the refusal, the first time within a week, and the second soon afterward. The rule of the profession was that an actor attending a number of rehearsals was supposed to accept his part; and an actor refusing a part returned it after the first rehearsal before leaving the stage. An actor refusing his part after several rehearsals would put the manager to much inconvenience. In the present case the entire play was read, including Mr. Mathews' part, at the first rehearsal. Mr. Harkins held the MS. and read Mr. Mathews' part; then the next actor read his part, and so on. The only business in "Married for Money" which requires instruction is the entrances, exits and stage positions. Mr. Harkins gave this instruction only partially, but it makes no difference whether the business is pointed out at the first or second rehearsal. Mr. Mathews entered through his part distinctly at the second rehearsal, becoming distinct at the cues. He instructed the other actors in the business of the play at the same time.

D. W. Waller, an actor of 25 years experience, and the stage manager of Booth's Theatre, was the next witness called. He said that if an actor rehearses a part and leaves the theatre without remonstrance, it is understood that he accepts. It is an actor's duty to know from reading the context whether the part suits him or not. He should make up his mind at once. An actor who is employed in a certain line can refuse to act in any other which would degrade him.

W. B. Clarke, stage manager of the Bowery Theatre, and of more than forty years' experience, testified as follows:—If an actor is engaged for a certain line of business, the manager must adhere to that line. A man engaged for light comedy is supposed to be ready to assume fresh, light comedy characters at the manager's pleasure. When the witness (Mr. Clarke) began his career, each actor having received his part, they all assembled in the green room and read the MS. was read to them. If they took all parts away, it was considered that they accepted them. Nowadays each actor is called from the green room by a boy, and goes to the wings, and he can listen to the reading which is going on on the stage or let it alone. If he does not remonstrate, it is understood that he accepts his part. The business of the play is described at the rehearsal. If the play is not printed, each actor should be be given the entire MS. for comparison. If an actor should refuse his part after several rehearsals, it would create much confusion in the theatre and might compel a change of play. *Cross-examined:* "Married for Money" is a star piece, written by the star for himself. According to custom, Mr. Mathews had the right to elevate or depress Mr. Polk's part at rehearsal. Mr. Polk ought to have seen Mr. Mathews' business before being obliged to decide upon the acceptance or refusal. In the olden time it was customary to read the business from a marked prompter's book when first reading a play.

D. H. Harkins, the stage manager and leading man of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, then took the stand, stating that he had been an actor since 1853. He considered Royland a little better than a walking gentleman's part, but not a high comedy part. It trembled on the border between light and eccentric comedy. An actor with a disposition to be accommodating would not object to it. It is a part a light comedy actor would receive no professional harm from playing.

Mr. Appleton, the treasurer of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, was then examined as to the shares that the various actors received from their several benefits during the past season, which he testified were as follows:—Mr. Lewis, $160; Mrs. Gilbert, $160 85; Mr. Harkins, $160; Mr. Roberts, $75 75; Mr. Davidge, $93 75; Mr. Appleton (himself), $158 75.

Judge Curtis—You must be a high comedian. (Laughter.) As you held the funds, I suppose you declared your own share. (Renewed laughter.)

Ex-Gov. Lowe—Who are these persons?

Mr. Appleton.—These are the leading artists. They are not stars, but stock actors. Mr. Roberts is scenic artist.

Judge Curtis.—Then a stock theatre is a combination of stars—a galaxy. (Laughter.)

Ex-Gov. Lowe.—Is Mrs. Gilbert a light comedian? (Laughter.)

Mr. Appleton.—No; she is first old woman. (Renewed laughter.)

Here Judge Roosevelt moved a dismissal of the case, because it was absurd that an actor should refuse to earn his money for the reason that he was not given a sufficient amount of work. The motion was denied.

A juror asked for the recall of Mr. Daly, for the purpose of putting to him the following question:—If Mr. Polk had refused his part after the first rehearsal would you have discharged him?

Mr. Daly—I would.

Judge Curtis (to the juror)—You ought to be on the other side of the house.

Ex-Gov. Lowe—He has certainly proved himself a better lawyer than I have.

Judge Roosevelt—I'll wager he's a member of the bar.

The juror bowed his acknowledgments.

After arguments by both counsel and an able charge from Judge Curtis the jury retired, and after a very brief deliberation rendered a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, Polk, giving him $53? salary, $12.10 interest and $130 on account of the benefit, making $883 10 in all. The judge granted a stay of thirty days and the usual allowance to counsel, but refused a new trial.

BASE BALL.

THE PROFESSIONALS OF 1871.

The positions of the out-field in base ball have, within the past year, been materially increased in importance by the substitution of the dead ball for the lively elastic ball; and for this reason, viz., when the rubber ball was in use and heavy hitting to the out-field was the rule, all the outfielders had to do was to stand out as far as they could, catch the ball and throw it in promptly; no opportunities were afforded them then for judging of a batsman's play, as it was all chance hitting, each going in to hit the ball as hard as he could, and with no idea as to which part of the field the ball would be likely to go. Since the dead ball has been in use, however, out-fielders have been allowed opportunities for "headwork" in judging of the style of batting by their opponents, and of playing their positions accordingly. For this reason in choosing out-fielders for first-class professional nines, sometning more than the mere ability of the fielder to catch the ball and throw it in a long distance must be considered, and that something is the judgement of the fielder in being able to play the strategical points of his position, and to do something more than to merely stand out in the field and catch a ball that comes to him, or to run after one and throw it in a hundred yards. We have seen but few outfielders show this combination of fielding skill and judgment this past season; on the contrary many have acted more like machine fielders, and as if they had not an idea beyond holding the ball that came to their part of the field. On the other hand we have seen out-fielders not only watch carefully every private signal of the pitcher, but also to judge for themselves in the matter of the style of the batsman's play, and to get in closer, stand out further, get nearer to the foul ball lines, or to move more to the left or right as the style of hitting may appear to require, thereby showing their ability to play the strategical points of their position. In the one case any man, who is a safe catcher and a long distance thrower, will do to play in the out-field against lively rubber-ball batting; but in the case of the use of a dead ball, with its accompaniment of scientific batting, out-fielders must be men who can use their heads as well as their hands, or the positions will not be efficiently played. So much about the out-field positions; now for a few words about the professional out-fielders of 1871, beginning with the left-fielders.

Taking the players in alphabetical order we find Berthrong, one of the left-fielders of the Olympic nine, first on the list. Harry is now out of the professional arena, but while he was in there were few to equal him and none to excel him in the position. Exceedingly active, a sure catch, and possessed of considerable judgment, he allowed but few balls to get far into the outer-field before he had them. We saw him play in but few games last year, and in those he played left-field, and in fine style. Harry is quick tempered, and has a pretty good idea of his own opinion; but, nevertheless, he is a gentlemanly and intelligent ball player, and would be an acquisition to any club.

Next comes Barker, of the Rockford nine, who played in the position early in the season. We did not see much of his play and know nothing of his antecedents; but he is spoken of as a good out-fielder and a square player.

Barrows, of the Boston nine, played at left-field in Cone's place in a number of games, and played creditably. His home position for years was as second base, where he excelled as the finest player in the old Tri-Mountain Club. We saw him make some fine catches, and he stands high as a square player and one giving faithful service as a professional.

Cone was the left-fielder of the Boston nine in the early part of the season, and the way he played the position in the Boston and Olympic match, on May 27th, proved him to be a first class out-fielder, one catch showing great judgment as well as skill. He is thoroughly reliable, and a manly, honorable player. He is not strong at the bat, singularly enough; but batting can be acquired, fielding comes by nature.

Next is Cuthbert, of the Athletic Club, one of the best out fielders in the fraternity, and a thoroughly reliable player, despite some stories to the contrary, emanating from Chicago last year. The Athletics have wisely retained him.

Donnelly played in the left-field in several of the Kekionga Club games, but he is a player we know but little about, having only seen him in one or two games. He has a record for good service, though the Kekionga officials do not exactly endorse all he did.

We now come to Gedney, of the Eckford nine, whose record for the season shows the greatest number of left-field catches of the year. Gedney is a fine out-fielder, and strong at the bat, and in a well framed nine would be an acquisition. Jimmy Wood has shown wisdom in engaging him for the new Troy nine.

Hatfield, of the Mutuals, once ranked as the best out-fielder in the country. He has all the fielding skill required now, being the best left-fielder in the country and a sure catch, but he has lacked judgment of late seasons, and to his errors in this respect several important Mutual defeats are attributable. This season, too, he has shown a disposition to indulge in growling, and to interfere with the captain's prerogative to an extent which certainly mars his record as a first-class professional player. He is a strong bat, his cricket-playing benefitting his play in this respect, there being nothing which so greatly improves a base ball player's batting as practicing in defending a wicket at cricket.

Steve King, one of the old Haymaker nine, is a strong player, and one of the most experienced men in the fraternity. Steve has faithfully stood by the Haymaker Club, to his credit be it said.

One of the finest out-fielders who plays at left-field is Leonard, of the Olympic nine. He is a handsome catcher, a swift and accurate thrower, shows great judgment in playing the points of the position, and is thoroughly reliable as a faithful player. Besides this, he is competent to play in an in-field position with the best. We know of no superior left-fielder to Leonard. Harry Wright wisely secured him for the Boston nine of 1872.

Mincher was the regular left-fielder of the Kekionga nine, and he acquitted himself as a fielder in first class style. He is one of the *corps* of Baltimore players of the Pastime school who have turned out so well as first rate ball tossers.

Charley Pabor, the old time pitcher of the defunct Unions, of Morrisania, played at left field in the Cleveland nine in 1871, and proved himself an acquisition to the club. Charley is a dry old chap, who never loses his temper, and plays in every game as if his life depended on the issue. He is a troublesome change pitcher, being left-handed, swift and irregular in delivery. Charley is heavy at the bat, and goes in for home runs or nothing. No squarer player is in the professional fraternity.

Treacy, the noted left-fielder of the Chicago nine, excelled at left-field during 1871. He is very strong in his position, especially in running catches, and judges his batting opponent well. He has a good record for faithful service.

AMENDING THE RULES.

We give room to the appended communication from a Boston correspondent, in relation to the working of one of the suggested amendments, which appeared in the CLIPPER of Nov. 18th:—

BOSTON, Nov. 22d, 1871.

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—You state in the CLIPPER of the 18th that, with a view to facilitate the operation of amending the rules, you have concluded to go through each rule of the game, as now in force, and make such suggestions in regard to revision as the experience of the season's play leads you to deem important and necessary. The thanks of all players, truly interested in the welfare of the game, are due to you for this resolve; for no other course would draw such universal attention to proposed changes. But, while there is little doubt of the need of most of the changes that you advocate, I believe that the majority of thinking players will agree that one change is neither needed nor desired.

In referring to Rule Third, which governs the batsman, you say:—"It should also be borne in mind that, if the striker be allowed the privilege of calling for balls to suit him, he should be promptly punished for not striking at such balls when delivered to him, *and also for striking at balls not sent in or to be called for.* Thus the season's play has shown numberless instances of batsmen calling for low balls and yet striking at high ones, and *vice versa.* Now the rule should provide that if the striker avails himself of the privilege of selecting a ball, he should be required to adhere to his call, and in case of his failure to do so, every ball should be regarded as 'fair' which comes within his legitimate reach." I repeat that I think the majority of thinking players will disagree with you in regard to the necessity or advantage of compelling the batsman to adhere to his call. In the first place, the change is not needed. The rule that governs the batsman's choice at present is the best for both pitcher and striker that the game has yet had; it does not allow the batsman to ask for a ball at any particular height, for this would give him a great advantage over the pitcher, neither does it compel him to strike at any ball within his legitimate reach, which, with a strict umpire, would give the pitcher a great advantage over him. It allows the batsman a certain amount of choice between a high ball and a low ball, and it defines each. But if the proposed change were made, it would cramp the pitcher in the exercise of headwork in his position almost as much as the first of these old rules. For if instead of the batsman being allowed perfect freedom in striking, no matter where he may have asked for a ball, as is the case at present, he be compelled to adhere to his call, under penalty of called strikes, or of having a good hit go for naught, he will not be at all likely to be tempted to hit at a ball that does not exactly suit him, and it is tempting strikes to hit at bad balls that makes a large merit of the pitcher's headwork. And though thus cramping the pitcher, it will spoil many a batsman's game, for it will deprive him of any opportunity for quick work at the bat, and reduce the free hitter to the level of the "articulate" man, who cannot hit a ball unless it is "just there." And it is hard enough now for even a skilful batsman to make a good hit; there is no need of limiting the striker's power any further, and if he does hit a fine blow he should be allowed to profit by it, no matter at what kind of a ball he may have struck. There is no need of lessening or increasing the scores of our professional or fine amateur games; this year they have been neither too large nor too small. So much for the necessity of the change.

Then the new rule would not work well. A striker opposed to swift pitching would be almost at the mercy of the umpire; for it would be a long time before—if he were a free hitter—he could accustom himself to the new restriction; and there would not be wanting those who would accuse the umpire of partiality in calling one batsman back after a fine strike, and allowing another to profit by just such a hit. Something like your proposed rule was very much in vogue among umpires a year or two ago, when the striker was called back if he hit any ball but the one he had called for, a shoulder ball or a waist high ball when he had called for a knee ball, etc. It was always productive of growling and discontent, and, even if expressly sanctioned by the rules, it would be no more pleasant to the players. I trust that careful attention will be given to the possible practical working of any rule, however much needed; and surely if this proposed rule, or which there really seems no necessity, has been tried and found to work badly, it would be a great mistake to introduce it in the code of rules for 1872. Yours truly, L. STOCKMAN.

In regard to the suggested amendment requiring the batsman to adhere to his call, the idea was to prevent the trick of a striker in calling for a low ball in the hope of getting a passed ball, when the custom of the batsman is to hit at a high ball. Certainly if the striker is in the habit of striking at high balls, and he purposely calls for a low ball for the object above stated, he is taking an unfair advantage of the rule.

In the latter part of his communication our correspondent is in error in regard to the application of one of the rules he mentions. No rule has ever been in force which makes a good hit of a fair ball go for naught. The rule he probably means is that governing the batting in the case of not standing across the line of the home base, in which case a fair hit ball becomes naught if the striker steps off the line of his position. This has nothing to do with the pitching of fair or unfair balls, or with the rule governing the batsman in regard to called strikes. No rule has ever been in vogue which called the striker back if he failed to hit at the ball he called for.

THE LOUISIANA CHAMPIONSHIP.—On Sunday, Nov. 19th, the Excelsior and R. E. Lee clubs, of New Orleans, contended for the state championship, the former winning the first game of the series, as per the following innings score:—

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Excelsior	1	6	0	1	0	0	0	5	8—21
R. E. Lee	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	5—16

Umpire—G. Amar. Time of game—? 30.

The same day the Lone Stars polished off the Mutuals by the following score by innings:—

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Lone Star	7	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	1—32
Mutual	5	4	1	0	3	0	0	0	2—16

Umpire—F. Cusco. Time of game—2 hours.

THE TURF.

DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN AMERICAN TRAINER.

Turfmen throughout the United States will learn with sincere regret of the death, sudden and unexpected, of Mr. Edward Thompson, the well known and popular racing trainer, which occurred at Chillicothe, Ohio, where he was residing, on November 18th. He has been identified with the racing turf from boyhood up, being only eleven years old when he became connected with Capt. T. G. Moore's stable, who taught him to ride races. With him he remained some years and learnt the practical part of his profession. He afterwards was connected as jockey with the stables of the late Captain W. B. Minor, the first of Louisiana turfmen, and still later with that of Mr. Jefferson Wells. When increasing age and weight made it necessary for him to vacate the saddle, he commenced the profession of trainer; his first employer in that capacity being Colonel Hill, of Alabama, but subsequently he trained for many other gentlemen. He frequently returned to Capt. Moore's stable as first lieutenant, and came north with him in the turf campaigns of 1863-5, having charge of the celebra ed Idlewild, Mammona and others. After the great four m le race on the Centreville Course, L. I., when Idlewild defeated Jerome Edgar and Dangerous in the fast time of 7:26¼, and first wiped out Fashion's previous unbeaten record of 7:33¼, Ed. Thompson returned to the west, and there trained Bowen, a capital race horse by Vandal, out of Sister to Nantarah, and Scotland, a son of Bonnie Scotland and Young Fashion, who was the only horse that ever beat Asteroid a heat. He next went to Ohio, to train for Messrs. McConnell and Harness, who, under his advice, had purchased three yearling colts of Mr. Alexander, for $5,000. Bringing the trio nor h, next season, he started one of them, Liverpool, the colt by Lexington, out of Lilla by Yorkshire, in the Saratoga Stakes, where he ran third to Relentless and Norwood. Two days afterwards he started again for the two year old purse at the same meeting, which he won, and his name was changed to General Duke, under which name, and the more recent one of Judge Curtis, he has brilliantly distinguished himself on the turf. At three years old, General Duke was sold to John O Donnell for $7,000, but still continued in Thompson's charge. Another of the trio was Bayonet, by good judges regarded as the best of the lot, who won the rich Champion Stakes at Jerome Park, was sold for $7,500 to Capt. Moore, and next year won the Saratoga Cup. The third was the equally famous racer, Vauxhall, the winner of a great many races, so that it will be seen the first investment of Messrs. McConnell and Harness was a fortunate one in securing three such great horses as General Duke, Bayonet and Vauxhall. More recently Mr. Thompson trained for Mr. John O'Donnell, and brought out Mary Louise when as a two year old she beat Harry Bassett. At the recent Jerome Park meeting where he had Defender, Edenton, Fanchon and Duffy in his stable, he brought out Meteor, a two year old by Asteroid, out of Maria Innis, belonging to his old employer, Mr. Dan Harness, whom he pronounced the highest tried two year old he ever had, and whom he backed heavily in the Champagne Stakes. Meteor, however, had to succumb to Grey Planet both at Jerome Park and Baltimore, and his defeat was a source of bitter disappointment to Thompson. Domestic unhappiness, which resulted in a separation from his wife, to whom he was warmly attached, recently induced a severe nervous attack, to remedy which he took what proved an over dose of the new medicine, hydrate of chloral, from the effects of which he died. He was a kind hearted man, remarkably skilful in his profession, and universally respected on the turf. He owned considerable property in Kentucky and Ohio, which he had accumulated during his long racing career.

THE LIVERPOOL CUP.

During the week ending Nov. 11th the Liverpool Autumn Meeting was held, the principal race, that for the Cup, being decided on the 10th, details of the running in which are given below:—

THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP of 200 sovs., added to a handicap sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, (5 ft.; the second saved stake; winners extra; about a mile and a half; 108 subs., 73 of whom declared and paid 3 sovs. each to the fund.

W. Saunders entered b h Whinyard, by Lifeboat, out of Truth, 5 yrs, 6st.....T. Osborne 1

Mr. Launde entered b f Agility, 4 yrs, 7st 10lbs.....W. Platt 2

Count Renard entered ch c Acasta, 4 yrs, 8st 6lbs.....Maidment 3

Fifteen other horses started. Betting—100 to 15 each against Whinyard and Annie Wood. 7 to 1 each agst Sabinus and Adonis, 8 to 1 agst Sylva, 100 to 12 agst Agility, 10 to 1 agst Rose of Athol 100 to 6 agst Ringwood, 20 to 1 each agst Martyrdom and Thesaurus, 25 to 1 each agst The Dwarf and Chartreuse, 40 to 1 each agst The Barefoot and Lord Hawke, 66 to 1 agst Cardinal York, and 100 to 1 each agst Revoke and Rebecca. At the first attempt, and within a couple of minutes of the appointed time (2:45), the flag fell to a rather moderate start, in which Whinyard instantly showed in advance, followed by Agility, Rebecca, Thesaurus, Sabinus (on the inside), Annie Wood, The Dwarf and Barefoot. Succeeding these were Ringwood, Lord Hawke, Adonis, Lady Henriette, Revoke, Sylva and Cardinal York, with Rose of Athol and Chartreuse clear by themselves in the rear to "the road," where positions underwent an important, and, for that matter, a disastrous alteration. Ringwood, in rounding the corner sharply, cannoned "broadside" against Barefoot, who was not only knocked on to his head and knees, but came into a collision with Lady Henriette, and in the midst of the *melee* Annie Wood, whether from interference or the bad state of the road, rolled over head and heels, the latter of which little Low escaped with his life, and while Cardinal York missed the fallen favorite by the narrowest of shaves, he came out of the scrape rather better than Barefoot, who was brought almost to a "standstill" in the recovery of his legs, and travelled on at the tail end in company with Chartreuse. Meanwhile, as they commenced the far side, Whinyard had drawn himself clear of Rebecca Agility and Thesaurus, while Martyrdom and Mr. Johnstone's pair in turn enjoyed about half a length the best of Sabinus. At an interval of a couple of lengths Adonis, Rose of Athol (who soon improved her berth), Lady Henriette, Revoke and Sylva formed the second division to the canal turn—half the journey—where Lord Hawke dropped back, and the stern chase of Barefoot and Chartreuse became perfectly hopeless. Through the bottom the closely packed attendance of the leader were still Rebecca, Agility, Thesaurus and Martyrdom, and at the five furlong post Rose of Athol headed Sabinus and Ringwood, which was the only change of note to the turn into the straight, where Whinyard and Rebecca steered into the middle of the course, thereby enabling Agility to gain nearer home, while Thesaurus and Martyrdom took their places on the rails hand, and in the track of Agility lay Rose of Athol, Sabinus and Adonis to within a quarter of a mile of home, when Rose of Athol struck fire, as also did Martyrdom in another hundred yards, after he had at one time looked as formidable as anything. Before reaching the distance the other hope of the stable, Rose of Athol, was also done with, and Thesaurus having failed to exercise a winning power, Whinyard was next assayed by Sabinus and Adonis, who came simultaneously to, when Agility and Whinyard, and Sabinus having mu h the best of it as regarded the pair, rushed right home to the post. When, however, Morris found he had no chance of overhauling Whinyard, he dropped his hands and was passed again opposite the stand by Adonis, Thesaurus and Rose of Athol. Neither of these, however, appeared in the slightest degree formidable, and Agility being completely pumped out, the turned-loose Whinyard, who revelled in the dust, and was unbeaten from start to finish, won by the easiest of winners by six lengths; four lengths separating second and third. Thesaurus was a moderate fourth, the pulling-up Rose of Athol fifth, about a neck before Lady Henriette, Revoke, seventh, Sabinus eighth, and Martyrdom ninth. Cardinal York was dismounted a few strides before reaching the post, leaving the Dwarf, Barefoot and Chartreuse to compose the rear guard.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

Clark McAllister, the western trotting driver, who was expelled by the Scott County Agricultural Society for fraudulent conduct, and afterwards was permitted to drive again by the Kalamazoo and Dexter Park Associations, under misapprehension of the fact of his expulsion, has published a letter acknowledging his fault, and earnestly soliciting restoration, with promises of reformation.....A challenge appears in a late number of the California *Spirit of the Times* from Messrs. Singleterry and Boggs, offering to trot their black stallion Blackbird against any horse, mare or gelding on the Pacific coast (except the Stanford horse), two mile heats, for $5,000 or $10,000 a side.....The Louisiana Jockey Club (an offshoot from the Metairie Club) offers $20,000 in purses and stakes for their spring meeting and, unlike the Saratoga and American Jockey Club, charges no entrance money to the purses. Two two year old colts, Como and Debate, out of the American bred mares Maggiore and Summerside (which Mr. Ten Broeck took to England), by Macaroni and Prime Minister respectively, won two races at the recent Liverpool Fall Meeting..... Mr. A. W. Worcester has sold a four year old colt, by Honest Allen, that without any training can show a 2:40 gait to a road wagon, for $2,500; Capt. J. Ricketson, of New Bedford, was the purchaser.....Mr. Belmont is going to send Kingfisher and Longstreet to winter at Montreal, in Canada, in the hope that the deep snow and cold weather will enable their legs to stand a training preparation next season.....Col. McDaniels has purchased 7½ acres of ground at Saratoga, with a comfortable farm house, and purposes erecting two large training stables. When completed, he will move his stable of horses there, and make it his headquarters.....Mambrino Columbus, the property of Mr. A. J. Reed, of Lexington, Ky., and the sire of the promising young trotting stallion Challenge, owned in this city, died suddenly on Nov. 16th,..... A special meeting of the Board of Appeals of the National Trotting Association will be held in this city on Wednesday, Dec. 27th.....The well known grey trotter, Molly Lewis, is offered for sale.

RACING AT NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The Fifth Annual State Fair of Louisiana commenced at New Orleans on Nov. 18th. A race of mile heats, for a premium of $250, of which the first horse took $200 and the second $50, was the feature of the day, and had three entries—Tom Robbin's b g Morgan Scout, E. Warwick's ch g Vidocq and E. Harrison's g g Tom Corbett. Vidocq won the first heat in 1:49, and Morgan Scout the second in 1:49¾. As the rules of the American Jockey Club now govern racing at New Orleans, Tom Corbett, not having won a heat, could not start for the third heat, which Morgan Scout won in 1:55; Vidocq taking second money. We give the summary:—

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Nov. 18th, 1871.—Fifth Annual State Fair. Running race, mile heats, best two in three; $200 to the first horse, $50 to the second.

T. Robbin entered b g Morgan Scout, 5 yrs old, by John Morgan, dam Liz Morgan, by imp. Glencoe; 111 lbs.. 3 1 1

E. Warwick entered ch g Vidocq, aged, by Creighton, dam by St. Louis; 111 lbs..... 1 3 2

E. Harrison entered g g Tom Corbett, 4 yrs old, by Lightning, dam by imp. Knight of St. George; 105 lbs..... 3 2 ro

Time, 1:49; 1:49¾; 1:55.

IMPORTATION OF THOROUGHBRED BROOD MARES FROM ENGLAND.—On Thursday, November 23d, the following brood mares arrived, in the ship Hudson, at this port, consigned to Messrs. August Belmont and P. P. Lorillard, all of them being from the stab es of Sir Joseph Hawley, the distinguished English turfman, who bred them:—

No. 1. Merry Wife, bay mare, 10 years, by Beadsman, dam Mrs. Quickly, by Longbow. This mare was in foal to Asteroid, the Chester Cup winner, but she slipped her foal on the passage to New York.

No. 2. Girasol, bay filly, 4 years, by Asteroid, dam Lily flower, by Venison. She is in foal to Beadsman, the Derby winner of 1868.

No. 3. Blue Gown, blackish bay filly, 4 years, by Beadsman, dam Eas Bleu, (dam of Blue Gown, the Derby winner of 1864), by Stockwell. In foal to Beadsman. The above three mares belong to Mr. Lorillard.

No. 4. Adosinda, bay mare, 6 years, by Beadsman, dam Salamanca, (dam of Pero Gomez, who won the St. Leger in 1867), by Student. In foal to Asteroid.

No. 5. Salanki, bay filly, 4 years, by Asteroid, dam Salamanca, by Student. In foal to Beadsman.

THE JOE DANIELS CASE AT SARATOGA.—In the race for the Kentucky Stakes, for two year olds, at the Saratoga August meeting, nine horses started, Sue Ryder winning the race, Joe Daniels second, and Alarm third. Col. McDaniels ran Hubbard as well as Joe Daniels, and the former came in short of weight, behind the first three, Joe Daniels bringing in his full weight, and being placed second by the judges. The cause of Hubbard coming in short weight was owing to the weight pad slipping from under the saddle during the race. It was contended by a prominent turfman that the fact of one horse coming in short of weight disqualified the other horse entered by the same person from winning the race or gaining a place. A bet of $1,000 was made on the point between two distinguished turfmen, and the decision left to Admiral Rous, the arbiter of the English turf. His decision, just received, is that there is no law to punish an owner who runs a beaten horse short of weight, and, therefore, a winning horse belonging to the same owner would not be disqualified on that account.

CHESTNUT HILL STUD FARM.—Mr. Welch, of Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia, has recently added to his stud farm three capital brood mares, imp. Stolen Kisses, by Knight of Kars, dam Defamation by Iago; Maiden, by Lexington, dam Kitty Clark, and Maggie S. B., by Australian, dam Madeleine by Boston. The last named won the Sequel Stake s at Saratoga last year, and Miss Maiden won the Travers Stakes in 1865. Mr. Welch paid $1,500 for Maiden to Mr. John Coffee; $1,800 to Mr. Cameron for Stolen Kisses, (Mr. Cameron retaining the foal, by Warmmaster, when dropped); and $1,500 for Maguie B. B. to Mr. Littell. He has also purchased Inveriochy, by Old Calabar, out of Veronica by Cruiser, for $900, at Mr. Cameron's sale. The above select lot of brood mares will be bred to Leamington next spring.

MATCHES OFFER

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

☞ WE HAVE NO TRAVELLING AGENTS, either general or other wise, and any persons so representing themselves are acting fraudulently. All our regular correspondents are supplied with credentials, and we particularly request that no attention be paid to persons presenting their private cards with the words "Correspondent of the New York CLIPPER" attached, as they have no authority therefor.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Mary'L
Agra, Zaluma
Boyd, Nellie
Booth, Jose (2)
Black, Jennie
Coombe, Jane
Crayton Gussie 10c
Dargon, Mrs A. L.
Dunlap, Louisa
Dacois, Camille
Dickinson, Annie E.
Freeman Sisters (3)
Fladmire, Mrs. Jas.
Grey, Minnie Oscar
Gay, Jennie
Granvel le Gertie
Gale, Lizzie
Geraldine, M'lle
Hindle, Annie
Howland, Lottie
Howard, Victoria
Holland, Ada
Jerome, Martha
Jester, Bessie W.
Leroy, Lizzie (2)
Lansing, Ada
Laurie, Mrs. John
Little Nell
Lowe, Mad.
Leslie, Ida
Milburn, Mrs. J. H.
Morrell, Chrissie
May, Georgia
Mortimer, Maggie
McClellan, Frankie
Merrill, Jennie
McClellan, Jennie,
Nugent, Mrs. Jas.
Neville, Emma J. (2)
O'Neil, Kathleen
O'Sears, Mrs Frank
Par ington, Kate
Pearson, Jennie
Preston, Cora
Rienold, Jane (2)
Raymond, Ida
Rivers, Florence
Sutherland, Agnes
Smith, Mrs. Harry
Smith, Julia
Teress, Antonina
Weston, Flora
Walby, Josephine
Weathersby, Miss (2)
Wilson, Maud
Williamson, Lillie
Wilson, Mrs. G. H. 20c.
Wood, Mrs. Harry
Western, Lucille
Weber, Lisa
Willieli, Maggie
Wood, Fannie

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Abdallah, Ali Ben
Atkins, Charley
Amicois, Chas.
Alpree, E. T. J.
Abbott, Charley
Atkins, Wm. A.
Aman, Fleming
Arabian Bros.
Atkins, Geo.
Anderson, Wm.
Backstone, E
Buck, J. seymour
Bennett, H.
Berrell, Geo. B.
Bennett, Frank (2)
Bristol, W. H.
Burnell, Alf.
Burk, Jno. E.
Bruce, Edgar (3)
Bliss, Sig.
Boyle, Jr., Aug. F.
Ball, Master
Bidaux, Albert
Belden, Ed P.
Burgess, Tod
Big Umber Arab Troupe
Brown, Wm. R.
Barry, Jr., Frank
Brennan, R. A.
Bowron, Geo.
Brent, H. H.
Brown, E. S.
Cain, Frank
Carlosa, Sig.
Crosby, Ben
Costello, Dan
Clarke, C. H. (3)
Costello, John
Charles, Jas.
Corlett, Harry
Conkling, Wm.
Collins, G. B.
Carroll, Jos.
Cotton, Ben
Cotton, Billy
Courtney, Sig. Billy
Cook, Billy
Cole, A. M.
Canstand, Harry (2)
Clinton, Geo. M.
Clifford, H.
Caron, F.
Costello, Michael
Columbus, Sig.
Day, Tom V. (3)
Devere Wm.
Doolin, Eugene
Dupree, Chas. H.
De Silva, Henri
Ditson, Frank
Delong, Wm. A.
De Haven, Claude (2)
Dewland, Edwin
Dailey, Maurice
Denart, Tony
Dobson, Frank P.
Davis, Homer
Debolo, Sig.
Emerson, Fred.
Emidy, Jos. A.
Foster, Chas.
Florance, Wm. A.
Frankum, Geo. (?)
Forrester, N. O. (2)
Forrester, J. R.
Gannon, Peter
Gardner, T. A.
Grey, Prof. H. W.
Gumpert, Louis
Gaylord, Low
Gordillo, Sig.
Gilbert, Harry
Gilmet, James T.
Gottbold, E. M. (2)
Gardner, Chas.
Griffiths, Edwin
H. W M. B.
Henderson, Abe
Hallenbeck, W. H.
Hampton, Thos.
Howe, Jos. A.
Holston, Wm.
Harris, F. D.
Hertzig, Ben F.
Hayden, W. H.
Hallett, Lew
Henri, Will
Hodges, B. B.
Henri, H. H.
Hooker, E. M.
Hughes, Mark
Hart, Harry
Herron, J. L.
Hilton, W.
Hight, H. A.
Harrison, Wm.
Kearney, Master
Kerr, Ed M.
Haley & Hughes
Kemble, Chas. W.
Keegan, Johnny
Kelly, Aaron (2)
Kolicott, Flint
Kinslown, Joe sic.
Kidder, E. E.
Laurens, J. D.
Lawlor, Wm. F.
Lent, L. B.
Lawlor, Wm.
Lannox, Geo. J. (3)
Leoper, Clifford
Lannier, W. M.
Le Clair, Louis Sc.
Leslie, N. S.
Lowry, W. S.
McVeigh, Johnny (2) 3c.
Manager (6)
Minnick, Prof. J. L. (2)
Melville, Chas. (2)
Melville, Walter
Milburn, J. H. (?)
Manchester, H. E.
McLear, Geo.
Maya, Lorenzo
Moran, Master
Mack, Jno.
Martin, Luke
Morris, Chas.
Mitchell, W. C.
Martinez, Eugene (2)
Murphy & Egbert
McAvoy, Chas. (2)
Mason, Joseph L.
Moffat, Jno.
Morris, Miles
Maeder, F. G.
Morris, Dan
Meyer, J. C.
McKisson, Jas. T.
Mack, Jos
Mier, Adolph
Murphy, Con T.
Merritt, J. C.
Norman Harry
Owens, Prof. Tom
O'Neil, J. H.
Oughton, W. A.
Pastor, Billy
Prop. Howe's Circus
Purcell, A. W.
Pitcher, Orville (2)
Peasley & Fitzgerald (?)
Power, Jos.
Quintette
Rhodes, C. B. (2)
Rivers, Frank
Raymond, Wm.
Richmond, Jno. G.
Romeli, Eugene (3)
Riches, Geo
Ricardo
Rogers, Yankee
Richards, Man Fish
Reed, Ned
Robinson, Jr., John
Roberts, Wm.
Runnells, Burnell
Robertson, H. W.
Shaw, Johnny
Sherman, Jno. Wm.
Sands, Dick
Seely, Charley
Smith, Doc
Sutton, Dan
Spalding, C. F. (?)
Sutton, Charley 3c (2)
Sutors, Harry
Sanford, Jno. L.
Skillings, Geo. A.
Springer, Andy
Sharpley, W.
Sprague & Mack
Talbot, Harry
Taylor, Jas. 15c.
Turner, Ned
Taylor, Harry
Turner & Lester
Torres Bros.
Tribble, Harry
Tannenbaum, Prof.
Unsworth, Billy
Unsworth & Eugene
Victorelli, H.
Whiting, Charley
West, A. S.
Walters, Jas.
Williams, H. A. B. (2)
Welch, Billy
Watson, Geo.
Wall, Jack
Whitmore & Clark
Wemgate, Barney
Wilson, Wm. W.
Woodfield, W.
Wing, Chas. A.
Wheeler, Ben
Wahlburn, E. S 10c.
White, Joseph
White, Frank B.

☞ There are letters for the following professionals at the Danville, Ind., post office:—Add Ryman, Chas. T. Atwood and Alfred Moe.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Nov. 27th, '71.

We have had a lively week of it, and more to amuse us than you could shake a stick at, vulgarly speaking. Sunday opened the ball with the announcement of the Duke's arrival, and "no other paper had the news;" but we managed to save him up for Tuesday's show. Mrs. Victoria Woodhull was the Monday evening sensation, when she favored three thousand of us with a peculiar lecture on prostitution, marriage, and that sort of thing. Many of the more modest of us would have left the place at the first blush, as it were, but we were unable to beat a masterly retreat, owing to the heavy pressure of persons and men. Victoria is certainly a spicy talker, and says things right out in meeting, things that would damage a man's character for life, provided it hadn't been already damaged; but with it all the gushing Vic. told a heap of truth, and some of us must have felt pretty cheap when her utterances touched us on a tender point. We saw one old heifer hang her head with shame when Vic's sister made a somewhat applicable remark. Mrs. Woodhull can draw another big crow should she decide to repeat her lecture. Tuesday we put the noble duke through a course of noble sprouts, and showed him off to the best possible advantage; and at night Fisk's splendid band serenaded the illustrious stranger; but he didn't ask the boys to step inside. Fisk himself was toted in, and he and Allick, it is probable, took a little something on the quiet, and James called Alexis "a brick," in compliment, probably to the slowest vessel of the Russian fleet, but which reached port a week in advance of the others. Oh, it was hypercoon the entire week, winding up with a grand sensation in the arrest of Connolly, our late comptr oller. And this week, bless you, promises to be equally vivacious and enjoyable. To-night Strakosch is going to show the duke at the Academy of Music—price five dollars per ticket and no questions asked. And because Strakky has ruled out the subscribers and stockholders for that night, they are making a fuss about it, as if Strakky didn't know his own little biz. Some people, on attaining to man's estate, haven't got the sense they were born with. It is the privilege of those treacherous subscribers to help along the manager when he *hasn't* got any duke to show; and why they should expect favors when he has a prince to present to an appreciative audience is more than we can understand. Then we are going to exhibit him at a ball, the preparations for which are on a *gorgeous* scale. Some of those who *dance attendance* there will not notice the *gorge-us*ness of the affair until they get at the supper table. [A quiet little joke on the half shell.—ED.].....Thanksgiving is arranged for Thursday, Nov. 30th, the same day on which James and Joseph are announced to shy their casters into an alleged ring near New Orleans. Happy New Orleans! Favored Crescent City! How much more have *they* to be thankful for than have we. Nevertheless, we will do our level best. Undeveloped turkeys, dubious chickens, and renegade ducks are being stuffed for the thankful occasion. We present, for the consideration of our thanksgiving readers, a tender *morceau*, as we say in French, on

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Hail, *August* day, which comes in crisp *November*,
Let's all *March* forth to greet the metal morn—
May it equal Christmas, which comes in black *December*,
When pig entry and pigs get fat by eating corn.
May every *June* bug hide its ruptured head,
And *Jew* lie dormant in the sun's bright ray;
And *June*, you airy creature, rise from your bed
And join in honor to Thanksgiving Day.
Oh, who would e a ripe duck in the month of *Feb.*,
Or, who, in *April*, stand out in the rain?
Except sailor cats, we're ne'er caught in the web
In crossing Broadway and kn-ock other twain.

It is not in the singularity of the rhythm, the excellence of the diction, nor the vermisimilitude of the *tout ensemble* of this beautiful production that its chief merit lies, but in the ingenuity with which we have woven the whole toget her, introducing the twelve calendar months in our fanocent unintentional way, so that he who runs may read.—ED.).....Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on; but by "St. James," the result is not the same. This theatre was taken possession of last week by Miss Annie Lonsdale and a dramatic troupe. We felt sorry for the troupe also for the meagre audiences that sat the entertainment through. Somebody must have lost money by the speculation. A burlesque was given, called "Bacchus." "Our Jim," on hearing us mention this, wants to know whether it's a burlesque on *Charley* Backus. What an idea. And yet Jim is no fool; there's more in his ideas than he gets credit for.....They have been playing "Out of the Depths" at the Old Bowery Theatre. Can those actors who were not in the cast be said to be "Out of the Depths" too? [A harmless, yet mirth-provoking little bantling, which may be relished by the injudicious few.—ED.].....We lately read something about a music hall in Chicago which "made us almost die a langhin'," as one might say. A policeman, while making his lonely rounds in that once all-fired but now luxe-warm city, detected a disorder which required his instant attention. Here is the way in which the "come ye disconsolate" officer made his complaint against this pernicious saloon:—"Kept by Gambrinus Pluhl! Music sung songs saw as to Hear them a Blocks from the Saylon." Now we expect entirely too much from police officers, and those dreadful boys who laugh at the way this man "puts the case" may be "taken in" some day themselves.....Prince Gelitzin, the Russian pianist, has given *another* concert since our last, but to the other Prince has drawn away the crowd, and the pianist was listened to by a very shaky and sparsely settled congregation. It is said, however, that Gelitzin is not after the filthy—it is that the American people may hear some excellent music at the hands of a real Russian that he gives concerts—he doesn't expect to make a living by it. Such being the case, we'll tell you what we'll do Gallitzin—next concert you give make it a free show. We desire no thanks, Mr. Prince; do not rise, you are welcome to our advice.....And talking about wages and things, think kindly of us, gentle friends, while we relate to you a few strains of a poem we have just composed after reading about a theatrical law suit, in which an actor went a fishing and got his little sal all the time he was away. These strains are not about that case, but were suggested thereby. Gentle music and slow curtain:—

BEHOLD THE IMPECUNIOUS MAN.

Ben Bradshaw was an actor, but
His prospects were not bright,
For though he was a "heavy man,"
His *salary* was *light*.

Ben told the manager, one day,
That he could not afford
To play upon the *boards* for less
Than served to pay his board.

"And I must have a *raise*," he said,
"A *small* advance will suit;"
"All right," the other cried, and *raised*
The actor on his boot.

The kick was cruel, hard and sore,
But Ben had fighting grit,
So he pealed, and gave the manager
A slashing *Ben-e-fit*.

He skinned his nose, he knocked him down,
And black ened both his eyes.
"Enough, enough! I'll *raise* your pay!"
"All right," said Ben, "*now rise !*"

.....And speaking of clams, what a comical old party three or ni vhians must be, *vide* an excrutiatingly funny criticism on the indestructible Lydia Thompson burlesque troupe. Says a *Titusville* critic—who must have been as *tight-as-ville* ans generally are in that region—says he:—"The Lydian melodies fell from the lips of the blondes like pearls from the mouths of Tuscaloosa *clams*." Some men get shoi for being so evil-minded; but Lydia and her classi-c *lambs* can afford to treat such calumny with silent contempt, and live down the vituperation of such oily desperadoes.....And this reminds us that one of Lydia's early *confreres*—Pauline Markham—has just come out as a legitimate actress, and made a failure compared with the interest she created when, as Stalacta, she rose sublimely from the depths of the sea, as we see it in the "Black Crook," which, by the way, would make it a *Black Sea*. We have heard it quietly hinted that Pauline was coming out as such, but her manager seems to have kept it so still that you might have thought he didn't wish any one to know anything about it. The people of the east seem to have made the whole thing a burlesque, so that Miss Markham's original line of business still *sticks* to her, especially as so many of her supporters in the company were *sticks*.....We took James to get a nasty place of soup just now. Among the customers who were trying to make an impression at this theatrical restauration was one low comedy man, who was tearing passion to tatters over a superannuated cutlet. "Boss," says Jim, who was eyeing the struggles of the comic person, "can you tell me what character he is a playing?" pointing to the exasperated funny man. We pleaded ignorance. "I'll tell you" says the dreadful James—"he is playing the *Man at the Meat*." We remarked that it appeared to us as if the proprietor of the restaurant was *doing* the man at the veal, but James affected not to understand our amendment to his miserable gag.....There was a right jolly time at the Corinthian Hall, Saturday night, when James and Josephine had a passage at arms, as our muscular members of the reformation would say. It was not a very suitable place for a woman, however, seeing it was a *Man's field* of action.....John Owens is the current star at Booth's Theatre, but as John's Solon Shingle has not drawn large audiences beneath the roof of that edifice, the Shingle will be taken off this week. [In a little explanation is deemed necessary, apply at this office.—ED.].....'Lo, where the gentle lark," was our ingeniously contrived *jeu d'esprit* as we observed a number of girls a gamboling on the green in the Central Park.....We will now with your kind permission and applause "dry up" or "summer down," which is about the same thing. Thanking you for your kind indulgence and forbearance, we shall punish you no more for the present week.

City Summary.

Notice to City Managers, their Treasurers and Doorkeepers.

We have recently ascertained that certain parties have been imposing upon our city managers by representing themselves as being connected with the CLIPPER, and seeking free admission and other favors on the strength of such alleged connection. We shall feel greatly obliged to managers, their treasurers, doorkeepers, etc., if they will hereafter refuse free admission to all such parties. The gentleman detailed to report as to what is going on at our theatres, halls, etc., is well known, and he will exhibit his credentials where required to do so. Should we find it necessary to send others, they will pay their way.

MISS SUSAN DENIN AND J. B. STUDLEY acted at Wood's Museum at the evening performances during the past week, in an effective three act dramatization of Edmund Yates' novel entitled "Black Sheep." Miss Denin had evidently bestowed much study and care upon Harriet Routh, and her impersonation was an excellent one. J. B. Studley found in Stewart Routh an opportunity to display that rugged and vigorous, though natural, acting which has gained for him considerable celebrity. Miss Alice Atherton acted Mary Anne with much vivacity, while the Misses De Forrest, Ellen Lewis and Kate Rynar were seen to advantage in their respective characters of Mrs. Pembridge, Clara Carruthers and Ellen Brooks. T. L. Connor was effective as George Dallas, H. Rynar deserves commendation for the care bestowed upon Mr. Carruthers, and Mr. Fleming acted in a natural and easy style Philip Deane, J. J. Wallace invested Tallon with much character, A. H. Sheldon created considerable merriment as Jim Swain, and the minor part, John, received due attention from L. R. Willard. At the Saturday *matinee* "East Lynne" was acted, with Mr. Studley and Miss Denin in leading *roles*, and at the other *matinees* a sensational drama, in five acts, by Milnes Levick, entitled "Pale Janet; or, The Tragedy at the Red Marsh Farm," was performed. This evening Mr. J. W. Albaugh is to be added to the star attraction. On the 30th, Thanksgiving Day, three performances are announced to be given, as follows:—In the morning at 11 o'clock, the afternoon at 2 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. In the curiosity department a living skeleton has appeared—Granville P. S. Davis, said to be thirty-eight years of age, five feet four inches in height, and weighing only fifty-two pounds.

A LARGE ATTENDANCE has been attracted to Wallack's Theatre during the past week by the performances of "Rosedale," and the Gaiety Burlesque Troupe. Only a few seats in front of the box office on several evenings at quite an early hour. "Rosedale" is announced for continued representation.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE closed their engagement at the Grand Opera House with the performances of Saturday evening, Nov. 25th, having acted during the past week in the "Ticket of Leave Man," which was placed upon the stage with the care and attention, as regards the accessories, and with a good cast of characters. The average attendance was good. This evening Mr. De Leon's drama, "Paris; or, The Days of the Commune," which has been for some weeks in preparation, is announced for production.

THE CONTINUED SUCCESS of "Divorce" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre precludes any change being made in the performances at present. A special *matinee* is announced to be given on Thanksgiving Day, when "Divorce" will be performed.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE there has been no change in the performances and little if any in the attendance, the audiences having been large during the week. "Humpty Dumpty" has a strong hold upon the public.

MR. SOTHERN had a good audience at Niblo's Garden during the past week to witness his continued performances of Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin." Active preparations are now going on for the reproduction of the "Black Crook," which is shortly to be presented. Considerable new scenery is being prepared, among which will be a new grotto scene painted by Mr. Laurens, and a new ball room scene by George Belster. M'lle Sanai, who enjoys a high reputation in Europe as a terpsichorean artist, will be the *premiere danseuse*. Miss Kate Santley, a pupil of Mme. Fiardo Garcia, of London, Eng., who has been engaged to play Stalacta, sailed from Liverpool, Eng., Nov. 18th, and Miss Jennie Lee, now playing Mary Meredith in "Our American Cousin," is to play Carline.

CHARLES A. GARDNER, Dutch comedian, character vocalist and dancer, with Billy Wilson, acrobatic, song and dance performer, were the fresh appearances at Tony Pastor's for the week ending Nov. 25th. Mr. Gardner performed a number of songs and dances, and acted Schneider in a sketch called "Schneider Can't Agr-e," in all of which he met with favor. Billy Wilson performed an "acrobatic essence," which took immensely with the audience. His line is excellent and his acrobatic feats were skilful and cleanly performed. A *matinee* is announced to be given on Thanksgiving.

MISS ALICE SOMERS, clog and jig dancer, likewise song and dance performer, together with Senorita Lopez and her children, acrobats, were the fresh appearances at the Theatre Comique, on Monday evening, Nov. 20th. Miss Somers is an excellent performer in all her specialties, her dancing being graceful, true in time, and varied as regards the style of the steps. She was greeted with much applause. Senorita Lopez and her four children, Spaniards, one a boy of some fifteen years, and three little girls ranging from eleven to twelve years down to four or five, performed a number of difficult acrobatic feats, which were marked by much grace and skill, they gained much applause, and the smallest little girl, who has a very pretty face, at once ingratiated herself into the favor of the audience by her arch and winning ways. This evening, William B. Munroe is announced to commence an engagement, appearing in an act called "Mystic Changes," in which, it is said, he makes six distinct and complete changes of costume without leaving the stage.

SHIEL BARRY, Irish comedian, will arrive in this city, from England, about the 1st of January next, and opens at Wood's Museum on the 8th. Managers can address T. Morris, as per advertisement, for further particulars.

AT BRYANT'S MINSTRELS, during the past week, in the first part Charles Dixon sang "Save the Boy," W. F. Stanley "Maudie Moore," and Louis Braham, "Sweet Emeline," which were the only novelties of that part of the entertainment. In the second part the old time act called "Can You Stand on Your head?" was revived, in which Dan Bryant's performance of the circus actor created much hilarity, and nearly all the members of the troupe appeared in various characters. "Uncle Ephi's Dream," in which the entire company sang and danced, effect the "Old Kentucky Home," closed the performances. A *matinee* is announced for Thanksgiving day.

D. S. WAMBOLD sang "Our Sweet Little Rosebud Has Flown" with charming effect at the San Francisco Minstrels during the week which has just closed. E. Markham sang "When the Moon with Glory Brightens," which were the only novelties in the first part. In the second part Billy Birch, J. F. Oberist and Charles Gibbons were seen to advantage in the sketch called the "Medical Student." Bobby Newcomb performed a new song and dance, "Would'nt you Like to Know." Charley Backus gave creditable imitations of well known artists, among them Miss Cushman and Mr. Sothern. Joe Cheever and Ed. Kennedy performed a sketch called "All Our Own." Billy West made a few comical remarks about the "Female President;" and a burlesque sketch entitled "Rosedale; or, The Fish Ball," with Charley Backus, Billy Birch and others, wound up the performances. The attendance during the week was good. Mr. Markham, who joined this troupe on Nov. 20th, has a pleasing tenor voice and bids fair to become a favorite. A Thanksgiving *matinee* is announced.

AT BARNUM'S MUSEUM, Circus and Menagerie the attendance has been liberal since the opening, the evening performances in particular having been largely attended. In the equestrian performances the "entry," called the "Halt in the Desert," introducing the two large and the baby elephants, a number of camels, together with male and female equestrians, mounted upon richly caparisoned steeds, attracted considerable attention. Then the living curiosities entered the ring and were briefly described; following this came various acts of riding, acrobatic skill, etc., with funny songs and jokes by four clowns, etc. Sebastian and his little son then performed a principal act upon a bareb acked steed. Feats in vaulting by the company succeeded, and an exhibition of the performing lions in their den, which was wheeled into the ring, closed the equestrian performances. The animals composing the menagerie were then fed and described briefly, and the living curiosities were exhibited in a room devoted to that purpose. This evening Mr. J. W. Albaugh is to be added to the star attraction. On the 30th, Thanksgiving Day, three performances are announced to be given, as follows:—In the morning at 11 o'clock, the afternoon at 2 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. In the curiosity department a living skeleton has appeared—Granville P. S. Davis, said to be thirty-eight years of age, five feet four inches in height, and weighing only fifty-two pounds.

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MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE closed their engagement at the Grand Opera House with the performances of Saturday evening, Nov. 25th, having acted during the past week in the "Ticket of Leave Man," which was placed upon the stage with the care and attention, as regards the accessories, and with a good cast of characters. The average attendance was good. This evening Mr. De Leon's drama, "Paris; or, The Days of the Commune," which has been for some weeks in preparation, is announced for production.

THE CONTINUED SUCCESS of "Divorce" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre precludes any change being made in the performances at present. A special *matinee* is announced to be given on Thanksgiving Day, when "Divorce" will be performed.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE there has been no change in the performances and little if any in the attendance, the audiences having been large during the week. "Humpty Dumpty" has a strong hold upon the public.

MR. SOTHERN had a good audience at Niblo's Garden during the past week to witness his continued performances of Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin." Active preparations are now going on for the reproduction of the "Black Crook," which is shortly to be presented. Considerable new scenery is being prepared, among which will be a new grotto scene painted by Mr. Laurens, and a new ball room scene by George Belster. M'lle Sanai, who enjoys a high reputation in Europe as a terpsichorean artist, will be the *premiere danseuse*. Miss Kate Santley, a pupil of Mme. Fiardo Garcia, of London, Eng., who has been engaged to play Stalacta, sailed from Liverpool, Eng., Nov. 18th, and Miss Jennie Lee, now playing Mary Meredith in "Our American Cousin," is to play Carline.

CHARLES A. GARDNER, Dutch comedian, character vocalist and dancer, with Billy Wilson, acrobatic, song and dance performer, were the fresh appearances at Tony Pastor's for the week ending Nov. 25th. Mr. Gardner performed a number of songs and dances, and acted Schneider in a sketch called "Schneider Can't Agr-e," in all of which he met with favor. Billy Wilson performed an "acrobatic essence," which took immensely with the audience. His line is excellent and his acrobatic feats were skilful and cleanly performed. A *matinee* is announced to be given on Thanksgiving.

MISS ALICE SOMERS, clog and jig dancer, likewise song and dance performer, together with Senorita Lopez and her children, acrobats, were the fresh appearances at the Theatre Comique, on Monday evening, Nov. 20th. Miss Somers is an excellent performer in all her specialties, her dancing being graceful, true in time, and varied as regards the style of the steps. She was greeted with much applause. Senorita Lopez and her four children, Spaniards, one a boy of some fifteen years, and three little girls ranging from eleven to twelve years down to four or five, performed a number of difficult acrobatic feats, which were marked by much grace and skill, they gained much applause, and the smallest little girl, who has a very pretty face, at once ingratiated herself into the favor of the audience by her arch and winning ways. This evening, William B. Munroe is announced to commence an enzragement, appearing in an act called "Mystic Changes," in which, it is said, he makes six distinct and complete changes of costume without leaving the stage.

SHIEL BARRY, Irish comedian, will arrive in this city, from England, about the 1st of January next, and opens at Wood's Museum on the 8th. Managers can address T. Morris, as per advertisement, for further particulars.

AT BRYANT'S MINSTRELS, during the past week, in the first part Charles Dixon sang "Save the Boy," W. F. Stanley "Maudie Moore," and Louis Braham, "Sweet Emeline," which were the only novelties of that part of the entertainment. In the second part the old time act called "Can You Stand on Your head?" was revived, in which Dan Bryant's performance of the circus actor created much hilarity, and nearly all the members of the troupe appeared in various characters. "Uncle Eph's Dream," in which the entire company sang and danced, effect the "Old Kentucky Home," closed the performances. A *matinee* is announced for Thanksgiving day.

D. S. WAMBOLD sang "Our Sweet Little Rosebud Has Flown" with charming effect at the San Francisco Minstrels during the week which has just closed. E. Markham sang "When the Moon with Glory Brightens," which were the only novelties in the first part. In the second part Billy Birch, J. F. Oberist and Charles Gibbons were seen to advantage in the sketch called the "Medical Student." Bobby Newcomb performed a new song and dance, "Would'nt you Like to Know." Charley Backus gave creditable imitations of well known artists, among them Miss Cushman and Mr. Sothern. Joe Cheever and Ed. Kennedy performed a sketch called "All Our Own." Billy West made a few comical remarks about the "Female President;" and a burlesque sketch entitled "Rosedale; or, The Fish Ball," with Charley Backus, Billy Birch and others, wound up the performances. The attendance during the week was good. Mr. Markham, who joined this troupe on Nov. 20th, has a pleasing tenor voice and bids fair to become a favorite. A Thanksgiving *matinee* is announced.

AT BARNUM'S MUSEUM, Circus and Menagerie the attendance has been liberal since the opening, the evening performances in particular having been largely attended. In the equestrian performances the "entry," called the "Halt in the Desert," introducing the two large and the baby elephants, a number of camels, together with male and female equestrians, mounted upon richly caparisoned steeds, attracted considerable attention. Then the living curiosities entered the ring and were briefly described; following this came various acts of riding, acrobatic skill, etc., with funny songs and jokes by four clowns, etc. Sebastian and his little son then performed a principal act upon a bareb acked steed. Feats in vaulting by the company succeeded, and an exhibition of the performing lions in their den, which was wheeled into the ring, closed the equestrian performances. The animals composing the menagerie were then fed and described briefly, and the living curiosities were exhibited in a room devoted to that purpose. The rink is comfortably heated by steam.

NO CHANGE IN THE PROGRAMME occurred at the New York Circus during the week just passed, nor do we think any was called for. "Le Jeune" Burt, the hurdle rider; Charles F. Read, the graceful equestrian; Miss Lady Watson, the daring rider; the Jee Brothers, in their musical act and hat spinning; Signor Ferranti in musical contortions; the Beasley Brothers on the *trapeze* and horizontal bar; the refined and witty conversations of D. A. Seal, the clown, together with the feats of the trained horse Red Cloud, combined to form a very pleasant evening's entertainment.

AN ENTIRELY NEW LOCAL DRAMA—according to the advertising programmes—written by Lewis F. Stoller and entitled "Searching the Depths; or, The New York Detective," was produced at the Bowery Theatre on Nov. 20th and acted during the past week. The plot is slight, being the elaboration of a simple incident into a prologue and three acts, which should properly be called four acts, as each characters as appear in the prologue re-appear in the subsequent acts, and there is no evidence of any great lapse of time occurring between those periods. The pursuit of a band of thieves and the final implication with them of a prominent citizen, one Witmer, by a detective, Elder by name, who had in years gone by been a clerk of Witmer's, and cognizant of certain nefarious operations of his, constitute the features of the drama. The sensational effects consist of the destruction of a tenement house by fire, which was a copy of the fire scene in the "Streets of New York," the action ending the same; a review of Blackwell's Island by moonlight, with passing steamboats on the East river, an attempt of convicts to escape, and the wrecking of a boat by the steamer Sylvan Shore. Some local scenes are introduced, among them an exterior view of Ludlow street jail, Madison square, Astor place and the Tombs may be mentioned. There was but little scope for acting in any of the characters. William Marden was naturl in any of the characters. William Marden was natur l and effective as the detective; E. Barry, as the virtuous young man who is made the tool of villains, was frank and manly in his impersonation of Arnold Abbott; the burglars, Bolter, Tucker and Dingle, were well acted by J. Winter, P. Connolly and C. M. Manley respectively; Maurice Pike acted the Prussian Jew, Tanen, creditably; George Francis created some little mirth as Pryer, an English lawyer, and Charles Foster deserves credit for his acting of Mr. Orton, the Wall street banker. With the exception of Mrs. W. G. Jones, who acted Carrie Abbott with care and attention, the ladies in the cast had little to do, Mrs. Connolly acting Mrs. Orton. Miss Polly Booth, Genevieve, her daughter; Mrs. E. B. Holmes, M me Leferve, and Miss Emma Wheeler, all brief parts, as well as could be expected. Charley Lord, Mopan an comedian, who had been specially engaged to impersonate Liz, did so creditably. The farce entitled the "Phenomenon in a Smock Frock" preceded the drama throughout the week. The attendance on the evening we were present—Friday—was not large, the storm probably interfering there with.

BEN LUSSIE, treasurer of A. Forepaugh's circus and menagerie during the past tenting season, is in the city, and may be found at the St. Charles Hotel.

MISS ANNIE LONSDALE made her *rentree* upon the dramatic stage at the Saint James Theatre on Monday evening, Nov. 20th, supported by her own dramatic company, composed of amateurs, with the exception of A. H. Davenport, H. J. Broughton, Arthur Matthison and Miss Clara Fisher. The performances commenced with a comedy in three acts, entitled the "Pet of the Public," which proved to be a translation of "La Gardeuse de Didons," with which the public have already become familiar thorugh a version called "Margot, the Poultry Dealer." Miss Lonsdale acted Goethe with spirit. With the exception of Mr. A. H. Davenport's performance of Count Newborg, there was little to commend in the performance, as many of the performers were not familiar with the text, and lacked experience to properly impersonate their respective characters. An extravazanza entitled "Bacchus," in which Miss Lonsdale in the title *role*, Mr. Matthison as Jupiter, and Miss Clara Fisher as Flora, acted. The burlesque lacked wit and pungency, the dialogue was far from brilliant, and its performance fell rather flat upon the audience. The attendance was somewhat limited.

MLLE. AIMEE, who is at present playing in opera *bouffe* at Lina Edwin Theatre, Philadelphia, that she is prepared to accept engagement after the expiration of her present season, through J. B. Readman.

THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE presents a very attractive bill of the play for Thanksgiving week, and for the Thanksgiving *matinee* as well. The Matthews Family have been re-engaged among other people, and Gus Williams, the comique, will also appear; while we are to be shown the secrets of the company in their specialties, including Bonfanti, Rollin Howard, *Raynor* Brothers, who, *rain or* shine, never fail to elicit applause; and Hughey Dougherty, whose stump speeches are the envy of political orators; and then, too, we are to see the Walhalla fountain, and the fascinating *ballet*, and novelties too numerous to refer to, if you would be happy on Thanksgiving day and go and see.

THE DOLBY CONCERT TROUPE are up for a few more concerts. The party do not meet with that success which they anticipated when leaving the shore of old Albion for America and a market. Pity for them.

THE ATTENDANCE at Booth's Theatre has been somewhat limited. Owens closes his engagement on Dec. 2d, and Mr. Booth will commence a series of performances on the 4th. He may improve business.

"SAPPHO," a child actress, was the stellar attraction at the Globe Theatre during the past week. She acted in Brough's burlesque entitled "Prince Amabel; or, The Fairy Roses," in which, during the early portion of the week, was incorporated the operetta entitled "The Waterman," "Sappho" acting Tom Tug; but during the latter portion of the week, as the little actress had contracted a cold, which marred her singing voice, "The Waterman" preceded the burlesque, H. W. Ellis impersonating Tom Tug. "Sappho" possesses undoubted dramatic and vocal ability, and both acts and sings with a degree of intelligence far beyond her years. The support she received was fair. The principal characters were cast as follows:—Buoncore, J. P. Deimar; Lord Kootoo, Miss Lottie Howland; Count Muffo, Miss Alice France; Spuonio, Miss Julia Sheldon; the Fairy Roseatina, Miss Emma Moshier; Turko, H. W. Ellis; Gruffangrimio, Harry Rich; Violet, Miss Lizzie Melville; Tartarella, W. P. Sheldon; Dragonette, Mrs. France, all of whom labored conscientiously to please their auditors. This evening the Globe Minstrels inaugurate their season. Among the chief performers announced are J. B. and W. B. Budworth and G. W. H. Griffin.

"PARIS; OR, THE DAYS OF THE COMMUNE," a new pictorial drama, which has been for sometime in preparation, will be produced for the first time this evening, at the Grand Opera House. Several first appearances are announced in the cast among them Miss Annie Pixley and Wheelock. For list of performers, see card in another column. Three performances are announced for Thanksgiving, at 11 o'clock A. M., 2 o'clock, and 8 o'clock P. M.

HARRY CUNNINGHAM, dramatic agent, 636 Broadway, advertises that the following performers can be engaged through him:—El Nino Eddie, tight rope artist; Hy. C. Melville, vocalist; Billy Pastor, clown and vocalist, and Munro, change artist.

THE NEW THIRTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE, located in the street of the same name, near Third avenue, will open this evening, Nov. 27th, as a variety theatre. Among the performers announced are the following:—Eph. Horn, Hughey Haggerty, Harry Leslie, George and Willie Guy; the Misses Annie Hindle and Lizzie Bernard, and Miss Ella Wilson and Lea. Charles A. Wing is the business manager.

SOL SMITH and wife (late Mrs. Sedley Brown), Felix A. Vincent, and T. Allston Brown, arrived in this city from England on Nov. 26th, per steamship Spain.

NAT AUSTIN, clown and comic vocalist, with his performing goat, also twenty-two *ballet* ladies, sailed from Liverpool, Eng., Nov. 22d, per steamship Denmark, for this city, where they will all appear in the "Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden.

Dramatic.

To Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers and Others.

Every regularly authorized correspondent of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is supplied with the necessary credentials, in the shape of a card, with an engraving of the CLIPPER Building on one side, and on the other the name of the correspondent, city, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and date of Sept. 1st, 1871, affixed thereto, each card running for six months, when new ones will be issued on the return of the old, but one representative being recognized in each place. We particularly request that managers of entertainments will decline extending favors to any person representing himself as correspondent of this paper who cannot produce the card referred to. By acceding to this request, managers will not be imposed on by irresponsible parties. Cards are only issued to correspondents of the amusement department of this paper. Parties applying for the position of correspondent are specifully requested to consider silence a negative.

MISS KATE FISHER and her horse

formances during four nights of the succeeding week, closing on Nov. 23d. At the conclusion of their engagement they were to go to New Orleans, La., to commence an engagement on Nov. 26th.

MISS F. S. CHANFRAU made her first appearance at Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 20th, before a full house. Our correspondent, writing on Nov. 24th, says:—"she opened in the play of 'Dora' and made a decided impression, her rendering of the title role being heartily applauded. She was supported in a most excellent manner by Mr. J. Clinton Hall, whose Farmer Allen was a great success, his make up being particularly fine. T. J. Martin as Wildman Allen did finely, Scotland Rae as Lote Bloomfield was very acceptable, while Mary Morrison in the hands of Mrs. G. Hamilton was rendered in a finished manner. The same play was repeated on the night following. 'Expiation,' a French version of 'East Lynne,' was presented on the 22d and 24th instants to large audiences. Last evening, for the benefit of Mrs. Chanfrau, was played a new drama entitled 'Charlie Johnstone; or, Out of the Depths.' The *benefactare* in the title role, that of a Scotch lassie, with songs, appeared to advantage. A. W. Greggory, as Saunders, made a hit. The play is one of great interest. Much credit is due to Stage manager Hall for the manner in which the play was produced. 'Christie Johnstone' will be repeated this evening, with the addition of the 'Maniac Lover,' which closes Mrs. Chanfrau's engagement. On Monday evening part 1 T. Hesson appears in 'Neck and Neck.'.....On the 23d inst. E. Eddy and Miss Henrietta Irving, assisted by part of the Opera House stock company, volunteered their services for the benefit of the city hospital, and gave the play of 'Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady' and 'His Last Legs,' at Corinthian Hall, to a large audience."

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE at Providence, R. I., will be opened to the public on Monday evening, Dec. 4th. Our correspondent, writing on Nov. 25th, gives the following description of it:—"The idea of a new Opera House originated with Mr. Wm. Henderson, who thought Providence a sufficiently large city to support a permanent first class theatre. He came here a comparative stranger, but soon enlisted the interest of some of our best citizens in his plan. Col. Henry Lippitt took hold of the matter actively, and succeeded in raising the necessary subscriptions. The theatre building has one of the most central and eligible sites in the city, occupying one third of the block bounded by Pine, Dorrance, Broad and Eddy streets. It has a frontage of 110 feet on Dorrance street, where is the principal entrance, which is spacious and convenient. The width of the building on Pine street is 78 feet, but at its other or stage end is 96 feet, thus giving extra conveniences for stage accommodations, dressing rooms, &c. The three sides of the theatre situated on the three streets are built of fine pressed brick. The stage is forty-five feet in depth by eighty-five feet in width, and is 15 feet above the ground floor. The scenery is 19 feet high and 25 wide. The drop curtain is 40 feet square. The parquet seats 550 persons, and the seats are iron patent folding chairs, covered with crimson leather, with black and gold backs. The whole floor is carpeted with Brussels. The balcony will seat 400, and the family circle from 600 to 800. There are four private boxes on each side of the balcony. The family circle entrance is a straight staircase, 8 feet wide, with two landings. There are 17 dressing rooms, arranged in three tiers, and all are carpeted and well supplied with closets, etc. The only rooms for any of the performers below the level of the stage are those of the supernumeraries and the orchestra. At the top of the building is an immense copper tank, filled with water and capable of deluging the entire theatre in case of fire. There are 10 private boxes, elegantly upholstered, which are entered without passing through the auditorium. Every room in the building is heated by steam. The ventilation is almost perfect, the chief ventilator at the top being thirty feet by fifteen. The dome is a splendid piece of work, and was built in Boston at a cost of $5,000. It is 55 feet in diameter. There is no plaster to be seen in the auditorium, everything being sealed, frescoed or canvassed. The frescoing is in panels, and white and gold are the prevailing colors in the decorations. Every floor in the building is laid with heavy paper to deaden sound. The outside curtain is of crimson silk rep to correspond with the chairs. The scenery was painted by Marston and is probably equal to that of any theatre in the country. There are four stage carpets, one of elegant Brussels and the others were manufactured to order in Lowell. The entire cost of the theatre is probably $200,000. The cost of the bare sight, cleared of the tenements, was $64,000. The architect is Fox, of Boston. It was designed to make this a first class theatre, and no pains or expense has been spared to that end. Henry Keene, a practical man, one of the chief stockholders, has secured a lease of the building for ten years. The following compose his stock company, one important addition, however, having yet to be made. E. L. Tilton, stage manager and leading heavy man; Milton Rainford and Walter Donaldson, first old men; Mark Price, heavy man; Harry Hassell, leading business; W. F. Sheehan, low comedian; W. Moreland, character man; Messrs. Partello, Raymond, Cook, Philco, Allison and Thomas, general business. The Misses Isadora Cameron, leading lady; Nelly Morant Bowen, juvenile; Ada Monk, *soubrette*; Anita Harris and Jennie Hoy, walking ladies; Mrs. Rainford, Miss Rainford, Miss Cook and Miss Johnson, general business; Charles Hodsworth, leader of orchestra. The first rehearsal will take place on Thanksgiving morning. The programme for the opening night will be as follows:—Address by Col. Henry Lippitt; singing of 'Star Spangled Banner' by the company; addresses by the Mayor and other gentlemen, and the comedy of 'Fashion.' The prices of admission are to be 35, 50, 75 cents and $1, the latter sum securing the best seats in the house."

FROM BOSTON, Mass., our regular report of amusements is forwarded by our correspondent, under date of Nov. 26th, as follows:—"At the Globe Miss Cushman has just completed the second week of her engagement, and during the entire week has appeared as Lady Macbeth to a series of packed houses. Her acting in this character is a model of all that is powerful and impressive. She seems, if anything, more successful in this character than in Queen Katherine. Her support has been good, notably so in the part of Macbeth, sustained by Mr. Geo. Vandenhoff. Mr. Sheridan as Banquo, and Mr. Daly as Rosse, are again to be noticed for their faithful renditions. The witches should not be forgotten, the scenes in which they appeared being worked up better than ever before in this house. The management of the Globe are to be thanked for the princely style in which the play is mounted, it being almost faultless. This week Miss Cushman is to appear as Meg Merrilies, with the full strength of the company, in 'Guy Mannering.' But on Thursday (Thanksgiving) afternoon she is to appear as Mrs. Simpson in 'Simpson and Co.,' the only comedy in which she appears in Boston. On the next week Miss Cushman's week and 'Eileen Oge' is to be the next attraction here.....At the Museum 'Elfie' has proved the hit of the season, the house being crowded at every performance. It is produced in fine style and the style is fully sustained by the natural acting of every individual performer. 'Elfie' is to be continued, with no signs of falling off in the houses.....At the Boston Theatre, Lotta has, for another and last week, filled the auditorium with her admirers, whom she counts by thousands in Boston. The first three nights she played 'Rainbow' for the first time in Boston. The play is not stronger than dish water, to be sure, but she improves opportunities to appear in three characters. Thursday she played Topsy in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Mr. Leonard as Simon Logree was worthy of mention for his acting in that disagreeable part. On Friday Lotta benefitted in 'Captain Charlotte' and 'Andy Blake,' the former being the most acceptable piece she has ever played in Boston and she would do well to discard for such pieces the protean dramas, which, without exception, are poorly written and put together. On Saturday 'Rainbow' was the bill at the *matinee*, and 'Andy Blake' in the evening. On Monday, 27th, Morlacchi, with the Majiltons and a *ballet* troupe, will appear in the 'French Spy.' Their engagement lasts for three weeks, to be followed by Sothern for two weeks, and after him the Parepa-Rosa Opera Troupe."

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS IN CHICAGO, ILL., are thus written about by our correspondent, under date of Nov. 24th:—"The amusement prospects continue to brighten up as time progresses, and if nothing serious occurs within four weeks we shall have no less than five regular pieces of amusement in the Garden City. At the Globe Theatre large audiences continue to congregate nightly to do honor to the deservedly popular play of 'Divorce,' which is about winding up the third week of its successful career. It is, as usual, played with as much life and exactness as can be made possible, and is nightly received. There will be no change for the present.....Last evening witnessed the opening performance of the Wyndham Comedy Company at the Michigan Avenue Theatre, (late Standard Hall, which is the only desirable place of amusement on the south side) under the management of Mr. John H. Ross. The theatre has been neatly fitted up, the stage enlarged, and new scenery has been prepared, and a handsome circle, been added. It is a very neat, cozy little place, and will comfortably seat about 1,200 people. Mr. R. D. Ross has been secured as treasurer. In spite of the fact that a severe snow storm prevailed during the afternoon and evening, the theatre was densely filled with an audience chiefly composed of our very best theatre goers. In point of quality, it surpassed any audience we have ever seen at any theatre in the city before the fire. It was certainly a very flattering tribute paid to the Wyndham Troupe, who are held in high esteem by the Chicago public. For the first time in this city the company appeared in Robertson's comedy of 'Progress' and the comedy of 'Woodcock's Little Game.' As Charles Wyndham and George Giddens made their appearance they were greeted with a very flattering reception. Mrs. Wilkins was also cordially received, having created a favorable impression while playing with the Jane Coombs Troupe at the Opera House some time since. It took Mr. Parselle but a few moments to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the audience. He is a comedian of the first order, as his performances fully testified. Mr. Wm. Boston displayed considerable ability, and will, no doubt, prove a most valuable acquisition to the company. J. P. Burnett and Edgar Bruce acted with spirit and were favorably received. Miss Jane Rignold, leading lady, is prepossessing in appearance, a handsome dresser, and, taking her acting on this occasion as a criterion, she is excellent. Miss Florence Colwell made her first appearance here in the last named comedy, and made a decided impression by her really charming appearance and acting. The whole performance passed off to the entire satisfaction of the audience. The pieces were cleverly mounted, and the acting highly praiseworthy in every respect. If business continues good the engagement may be extended several weeks."

L. T. STETSON appeared at Syracuse, N. Y., in "Neck and Neck," under the management of Messrs. Furbish & Whiton, Nov. 23d. A good sized audience was present, which seemed to appreciate and enjoy the multitude of sensational horrors with which the piece abounds.

A BURLESQUE TROUPE is wanted to play a short engagement at Tiffin, O. Address H. S. Root as per advertisement.

AMUSEMENTS IN SAVANNAH, GA., are thus reported by our correspondent, writing on Nov. 23d:—"The first fair of the Georgia Industrial Association, which began on the 21st, has brought an immense crowd of strangers to town, and has made business lively in the show line. At the theatre the Worrell Sisters opened to a good house on the 20th in 'Kindered' as the leading feature of the evening. The Misses Jennie and Irene were favorites to the Savannah public. The company compares unfavorably with that they had last season. George Lingard and the Leon Brothers are the only ones left of last year's company. The Leon Brothers in their specialties are much admired, and nightly are encored in their daring feats on the *trapeze*. Harry Lingard is an excellent performer in whatever he undertakes, his Clorinda, in 'Cinderella,' being very amusing and much enjoyed. Miss Sophie as the Prince acquitted herself in her usual graceful manner. Irene was a charming Cinderella. Mrs. Jennie Wilmore Francks as Dandini created a favorable impression at her first appearance, and has continued to hold in that line. She sings well, and is nightly encored. Jennie Worrell astonished the people with her clog dance, at which she is quite an adept. On Tuesday night 'Black Eyed Susan;' on Wednesday, 'Field of the Cloth of Gold;' on Thursday, 'Aladdin;' on Friday and Saturday, 'Forty Thieves.'..... On Tuesday evening Templeton opened with his troupe, in St. Andrew's Hall, in 'Pocahontas;' Miss Alice Vane as Pocahontas, Templeton as John Smith, and May the Fay as a little Indian. He has a good company and is doing a good business. On Wednesday night the house was crowded.....On Saturday night the season of the Worrell Sisters ends. They return to New York to re-organize. E. Eddy, Jr., is the manager.....Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watkins open on Nov. 27th. The Chapman Sisters had the theatre engaged for that week, but have changed their route."

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL began a four weeks' engagement at the Grand Opera House, Baltimore, Md., on Nov. 20th. Our correspondent, writing on the 25th, says: "She has been attracting fine audiences throughout the week. The opening play was 'Fanchon,' which was put on with new and handsome scenic effects, pleasing music and a good cast. 'Fanchon' was repeated on Tuesday and Wednesday. On Thursday evening, 'Jane Eyre' was produced. This is undoubtedly one of the strongest plays in Miss Mitchell's *repertoire*. Fanchon is sweet, simple, elf-like and bewitching, but Jane Eyre is intellectual, grand, impassioned and inspiring. Maggie held her auditors entranced by her splendid and faithful rendition of Charlotte Bronte's heroine, as their tears over her misfortunes, and their bursts of applause over her triumphs, well attested. Mr. Sherwell was very effective as Rochester. Mr. Ward as Blackburn, Miss Anderson as Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Chester as Georgina, Mrs. Monell as Judith, Miss Frazer as Miss Bryce, and Miss Lyle as Grace Pool, were good. Mrs. Fred. Williams' Hannah was a sprightly and capital piece of acting, and little Maggie Glenn as Adele was excellent for so young a child. On Friday and Saturday evenings, 'Jane Eyre;' Saturday *matinee*, 'Fanchon.' A dramatization of the charming German story, the 'Old Ma'amselle's Secret,' with Miss Maggie as the heroine, is in preparation at the Opera House.....At the Holliday Street Theatre Johnny Thompson has been drawing crowded houses this week. 'On Hand' is a pure type of those startling sensational and realistic plays which have become almost a drug already, in the very outset of their existence, and abounds in the usual impro'abilities and impossibilities; it has some very telling situations, however, and serves the purpose precisely that this sort of the drama is especially manufactured for, to draw out the special talents of the star performer and display them prismatically, as it were, on every side. As a legitimate actor, Mr. Thompson scarcely reaches mediocrity, but in his protean acts he is unsurpassed; his proficiency on an almost incalculable number of instruments is also wonderful. He is very painstaking, and deserves commendation for his efforts. A good support was rendered by Mr. Anderson as Old Norton, Mr. Dodd as Dr. Norton, Miss Morris as John Harbison, Mr. Ober as Mait, Mr. Howard as Snaggles, Mr. Woodhull as O'Dowd, Mr. Hurst as Bloodgood, and Miss Olivia Rand as Lucy Harbison. The other parts were fairly treated by Messrs. Hawkins, Bryan, Walston, Linton, Butler and Fredericks, the Misses Jennie Anderson and Effie Warren and Mrs. Edwards. The scene on the bridge and other scenes were handsomely effectively mounted; the other scenes were but indifferently put on. Mr. Thompson will be on hand another week."

AMUSEMENTS IN LYNN, MASS., are thus reported by our correspondent, writing on Nov. 26th:—"Joseph Murphy appeared at Music Hall, Nov. 25th, in Maeder's drama, 'Help,' but the attendance was very small.....At Thompson's Opera House, on the same evening, Dollie Bidwell, supported by Bidwell and Wilkinson's Dramatic Company, appeared in 'Zingari,' the evening's entertainment concluding with the farce 'Another Maniac.' The attendance was good, and the acting of the star, and Messrs. Wallace Britton and Charlie Wilkinson, deserves commendation.....On Nov. 27th, Master Percy Roselle appears at Music Hall in the 'Boy Detective,' supported by a company under the management of James M. Ward..... On Thanksgiving day Mr. Wyman Marston appears in the 'Rag Picker of Paris,' supported by a good company. .....At Thompson's Opera House, on Thanksgiving day, Bidwell and Wilkinson's company give two entertainments, with Dollie Bidwell as the star."

THE DRAMA IN SAN FRANCISCO is thus referred to by our correspondent, "Sir Toby," under date of November 19th:—"The stage of San Francisco, at the present time, is a phenomenal aspect. At the two theatres regularly devoted to the drama it was lit by the genius of Mr. McCloskey, in plays lurid with fire, gleam of steel and debauched passion—steeped to the dripping paint in the quintessence of misery, vice and crime, that genius shone. Of Through by Daylight,' produced by James Ward, at the Metropolitan Theatre, on the 13th, we have no distinct recollection. It is with a feeling of inward satisfaction this avowal is made, as from that delirium of blood and disaster arose only mis-created forms of flashy men and vile women, whose moral ugliness threw black, hideous shadows. That there is squalor among the lowest class of the metropolis is a sorrowful truth, but if at variance with good taste it must be dragged, through the powerful medium of the drama, before the eyes of people who know and grieve of its existence, let it be in a mirror which does not distort every object cast in its reflection. James Ward, who is a young man of good figure, changed his costume several times under the hallucination that he had different personages to portray. In and out of season his pronunciation was tainted with a foine Oirish brogue. There was one solitary gleam of character in the piece, and it was entrusted to the mercy force of talents which have, alas! been sadly abused; that gleam of character was the Mickey Corrigan of Harry Courtaine. A host of people, from whom generally clever performances are given, were cast to parts without a distinctive feature, and they no doubt will be thankful their names are mentioned only in this connection. Prominent among them were Jas. Hardie, Mrs. Hutton, Miss Hutton, Miss Sallie Hinckley, Mrs. Frank Rea, Mrs. G. B. Waldron and Fanny Young. A concert-room scene introduced Vivian and Maggie Moore in specialties of song and dance. The attendance has been fair, the gallery being the place best represented. The broad fun of Allen's Schneider under sufferance may be borne, but the senseless whirl of such pieces as 'Through by Daylight' will not be long tolerated. Those with similar sensations, contemplating a visit to California, who regard public opinion with esteem, will reap a lesson from this notice. The field in San Francisco is not large enough, let them be assured, to run pieces whose only commendation is a patent mechanical arrangement of some kind or other. Now and then, in spite of reason, some speculation will turn out successful; instance Johnny Allen's. But the community, with the exceptions before mentioned, are good, notably so in a considerable degree, some capability for appreciating art as illustrated by Bowers, Mathews, Lander, Sothern and kindred spirits, and its stomach is not large enough for Mr. McCloskey.....What has been said regarding 'Through by Daylight' applies measurably to 'Across the Continent,' produced at the California Theatre by Oliver Doud Byron on the 13th. It is hardly a wife better, but is painted higher estimation with the gallery from being dignified with some fine scenery by Porter. Mr. Byron's star grew very pale before the brilliance of his support. A company obliged to sustain a performer inferior to eight or ten of its members forcibly illustrates the abuses of the star system. Mr. Byron, in this play, would pass as an actor of juveniles in a common stock company. He has starved Ferret for a year or two, comes here, and his central place in the drama is wrested from him by J. C. Williamson as Dennis O'Dwyer, and Will Mestayer and May Howard rise above him a clean head and shoulders. The cast included E. J. Buckley, Sedley Smith, E. N. Thayer, Fred. Franks (first appearance in two years), George French, Minnie Walton and Jennie Thompson, the latter, in her one scene, Georgie Loomis, a miss of twelve, made her stage *debut* and sang 'J'aime Les Militaire,' but, from excessive nervousness, was unable to do herself justice. In a dance afterward she earned an *encore*. The attendance has been largest in the galleries, which have generally been well filled.....John McCullough finished a successful engagement at Virginia, Nov. 19th. An indifferent critic there expresses the following reflections:—'It is doubtful if another name among the entire list of living actors could be placarded on the walls of Virginia with so sure a guaranty of success as that of John McCullough. Not but there may be better actors in the world, but that few of them wear so well. He has appeared in the characters of Virginius, Spartacus, Macbeth, Othello and Richard III, meeting the requirements of the respective parts with an intelligence, loftiness of conception, adequacy of power and delicacy of finish that entitle him to a place in the foremost rank of his profession.' Mr. McCullough returned to this city on Nov. 14th and departed 16th for Sacramento, where he played three nights with Procter's company, one of his assumptions being Shakespeare's Brutus, a character which he realizes in singular beauty and truth. He was supported by Harry Edwards as Marc Antony, James Carden as Cassius, Joseph Procter as Julius Cæsar, Walter Leman as Casca, and Mrs. F. M. Bates as Portia. At Virginia, McCullough was succeeded by Frank Chanfrau, who bit the miners hard with 'Kit, the Arkansas Traveler.'"

ORCHESTRAL AND MUSICAL ADVICES to the 24th of Nov. are furnished by our correspondent to the following effect:—"At Wood's Theatre Charles Mathews commenced a season of a week on Monday evening to a fair house, and has since been drawing well. The programmes have been 'Married for Money' and 'Cool as a Cucumber,' on Monday and Tuesday; 'If I had a Thousand a Year,' 'Patter vs. Clatter' and 'Married for Money,' on Wednesday; and 'Used Up' and 'A Thousand a Year,' Thursday. To-night (Friday), for his benefit, Mr. Mathews appears as Pigtiary and Puff in Sheridan's burlesque, the 'Critic,' and in 'A Curious Case.' Monday's bill will be repeated tomorrow. His support as a rule has been excellent, but a desire to divide up the stock into the various little plays he has given has made several of the casts rather weak. Tuesday night's performance was somewhat marred by the non-appearance of Mrs. Bernard, who was announced to sing the music of 'Maritana,' will be given, and to-morrow 'Rob Roy' for the *matinee*, and the 'Iron Mask' in the evening. Next week Parepa Rosa's Opera Troupe are to be the attraction and Dec. 4th Maggie Mitchell commences a two weeks' engagement. .....Mr. Sargent will open the National on Monday as a Vandeville Theatre, with a company differing materially from that originally announced. The following is the troupe:—Tom Hernandes Pantomime Company, Freeman Sisters, Johnson and Powers, song and dance men; James Oodine and Martha Wren, Double Actors; Eugene and Marie Romelli, gymnasts; Lou Riddell, Hannah Birch, J. Kruger, Jr., A. Kelly and Oscar Willis."

MR. AND MRS. D. E. BANDMANN and Mr. Wm. Creswick were the attraction at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., the past week, commencing Nov. 20th, in "Othello," and during the week appearing in "Narcisse," "Faust," "Hamlet" and "Macbeth." Our correspondent, writing on Nov. 24th, says:—"The attendance has been very light the entire week.....Joe Jefferson commences an engagement on the 27th, for three nights only, in 'Rip Van Winkle.' There appears to be an 'irrepressible conflict' between our colored citizens and the opera house management, caused by the refusal of the latter to admit colored persons to the parquet or family circle. The only apartment in the opera house to which this class of our people is admitted is the gallery or upper tier. To this they seriously object. Not long ago four colored men purchased tickets at the box office, handed them to the doorkeeper, when the agent for Mrs. Waller ordered them to take back their tickets and money, or accept seats in the gallery. This they refused to do, and as a consequence contemplate bringing an action in the courts against the management."

FROM BRIDGEPORT, CONN., our correspondent, writing on Nov. 25th, sends the following intelligence:—"Business has been dull. G. Swaine Buckley being the only attraction at the Opera House, appearing Nov. 24th, supported by a good company under Morris Simonds' management, in 'On the Track,' and, considering the disagreeable state of the weather, drew well. He closes his engagement with Mr. Simmonds on the 25th, at Paterson, N. J.....The announcements for the coming week are Pauline Markham in her new piece, 'Aizae,' under B. F. Lowell's management.....Furbish and Wilton announce a dramatic company to play 'Dora' at a *matinee*, and 'Lost in London' for an evening performance, on the 30th.....Little Nell will appear at the Opera House Dec. 1st and 2d."

MISS ANNIE GROVER, as she was professionally known, that being her maiden name, died in St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 22d, under the following circumstances:—On the 16th, she is company with a gentleman, arrived at the Munroe House, in that city, and engaged board for a few days, registering their names as Mrs. Cook and James Morrison. The lady was about twenty-four years of age, and although poorly clad, was evidently a person of refinement. Her companion, Morrison, was of middle age, a Scotchman by birth, a sailor, and apparently possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. Mrs. Cook shortly after her arrival was taken dangerously ill, and was carefully nursed and attended by the landlord's wife and Mr. Morrison. Finding that she grew rapidly worse, and believing that it was necessary to induce sleep, Morrison sent out for a bottle of McMann's Elixir of Opium, and through some misunderstanding about six times the proper quantity was administered at one dose, and two others of the same quantity were given at intervals of fifteen minutes. The patient slept and the watchers, save Morrison, retired. At six o'clock in the morning she was discovered to be dead. An inquest was held during the day and a verdict was rendered in accordance with the above. It was stated that there was scarcely a possibility of her recovery, and that it was probable she would have died as quickly had she not taken the preparation. She was born and educated in Glasgow, Scotland, where her father and uncle owned a large theatre. She had been on the stage since she was five years of age. Her parents dying left her some eighty thousand dollars' worth of property. She came to this country and married a man by the name of Barry, who squandered her fortune and left her penniless. She procured a divorce from him, and, after a time, he pleaded so earnestly and made such promises for reformation that she remarried. Finding him unfaithful to his promises she left him and went to Chicago, Ill., and returning to the stage, secured an engagement at Aiken's Museum. Saving some money she abandoned the stage and became a saleswoman in a store, which the recent conflagration destroyed. She, with many others, slept upon the prairie two nights, and contracted a severe cold, which settled upon her lungs. While in there she met Morrison whom she had known when a child in Scotland, and he, though but a poor sailor upon the lakes, insisted upon providing for her from his scanty store.

MISS MATILDA HERON, after an absence from the stage of some two years, re-appeared at De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis, Mo., on Nov. 20th, acting in "Naomi." During the first act her acting was disjointed and her utterance almost unintelligible, her voice being husky. She was evidently under the influence of some powerful drug, as she constantly fumbled her hair and stroked her brow. Up to the termination of the act the audience were somewhat boisterous, when she advanced to the footlights and spoke as follows:—

You things, who behave so much like blackguards, get out, and leave the decent gentlemen here. If you have any behavior, why then behave yourselves.

At the termination of the play she was called before the curtain and made the following speech:—

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am glad to come once more to the magnificent and generous city of St. Louis. I come not as I did many years ago, full of youth, hope and ambition, but rather as a pauper to strive to earn a little to support my gray hairs and to recover, if possible, my lost position. For my near start in life I have been indebted to Benjamin De Bar, for whom me the use of his theatre and in other ways has put me on my legs again. I am now past 40 years of age and have 10 years left to believe in myself. I have studied my part and feel quite well. My heart is in my soul, and my soul is with my God. I don't care a fig for the world, and I am just as happy as a big sunflower.

At the termination of her speech she danced off the stage waving her arms in a wild manner. Our correspondent, writing on Nov. 25th, says:—"Miss Heron's last night's performance being recognized in such place. We particularly request that managers of entertainments will decline extending favors to any person representing himself as correspondent of this paper who cannot produce the card referred to. By acceding to this request, managers will not be imposed on by irresponsible parties. Cards are only issued to correspondents of the amusement department of this paper. Parties applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider silence a negative.

FROM CINCINNATI we have the following variety intelligence through our correspondent, up to the 24 h:—"Two new lady performers have been added to the company at the Race Street Theatre, namely, Augusta Lamereux, change vocalist, and La Belle Blanche, clogist, balladist and song and dance lady. Miss Lamereux has constantly improved in her line of business since her last visit here, and has a very handsome wardrobe. She sang 'Castles in the Air,' 'Off Like a Rocket,' 'The Rolling Swell,' and other songs, in a very rollicking manner. Belle Blanche sang a ballad in the first part, and in the olio gave a song and dance, and afterwards a clog. The 'Old Folks' Concert' was shelved after one week, and the farce substituted in its stead. Miss Maud De Lisle, Pacific Garden the only new addition is Tommy Queen, who does songs and dances in white. The Gregories have been re-engaged. Harry Clark and Mlle. Gracie, the excellent *trapeze* performers, close with this week, and go hence to Nashville. J. P. Hill has been quite ill this week. Business continues very good.....The project of turning the Rink into a circus and variety hall has fallen through. Sam Rhinehart, one of the proprietors, has engaged to play soon at Lent's, in New York.....At Apollo Hall, besides those mentioned last week, Emma Barrett is playing. Tommy Dayton takes a benefit here on Monday, 27th, and is to do a double clog and double song and dance with Charley McCaslin. Business is bad.....At the Olympic Senor Zegrino, a dartist of considerable merit, has been engaged this week, and does a comic gymnastic act with Jim Williams, His wife, Nellie Zegrino, went off last week with the gypsy Davie, or some other man, and the Senor wishes it understood that he disapproves of this, and wants nothing more to do with her. He intends to apply for a divorce. Johnny Weaver, an excellent comedian and clever gentleman, closes here with the week, and goes first to Nashville for four weeks, and thence to Memphis, Vicksburg, and New Orleans.....At Getz's New Varieties biz is only tolerable this week. Lizzie Jackson, vocalist, and J. Jackson, comedian, are to be added to the company to-night. Chris. Ransom, of late the stage manager, retiring. Fra Victor, female delineator, also closes with this week. Ida Fox has been doing Greek and Roman statuary, to represent a marble, and is fine form. If she is an interesting study.....At Mozart Hall the Majilton troupe did not appear this week, though their bills were up, and a transparency was left be ing in their rapid exodus from the town. In justice to the Majilions it should be said that they claim to have been merely hired performers, and that Prof. Risley was the proprietor.....Joe Gunckel, the Nashville manager, is still here, seeking whom he may devour. He has gobbled up the following recruits for his theatre, who s'art to Nashville Monday:—Johnny Weaver, Harry Clark and Mlle Gracie, Viola Stanley and Zella Renard."

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, San Francisco, a burlesque, "Through by Moonlight," with a concert in second act, introducing Lilly Dwyer and Ned Mallahan in a boxing bout, was the attraction for the week ending Nov. 18th..... At the Globe Theatre, appearance of Clara Draper, ballad singer, and production of "Mose in San Francisco," with R. G. Marsh as Mose. "Through by Midnight Across the Continent" in preparation.....At the Bella Union, appearance of Carrie Armstrong, Principal attractions, "Forty Winks," with J. R. Larkin as John Schmidt, Mlle Gaugain in *ballets*, and "Dog-outit," an Ethiopian farce, by the company.

SEVERAL MEMBERS of the Metropolitan Hall Company at Washington, D. C., concluded their engagement on November 25th. First among the list of favorites comes Bertha and Ida Foy, vocalists, who go to the Baltimore Opera House, Baltimore, Maryland, opening on the 27th. C. L. Davis opens at the Odeon Varieties, also in Baltimore, on the same evening. Leon Wheeler and Mlle. Mabretta commence an engagement at the St. James, Boston, soon, and Mlle. Irma takes a short vacation before opening elsewhere. The stage manager, James Porter. Kate B rown, *danseuse*, and Molly Russell, vocalist, will be the only members of the old troupe to remain. A new batch of talent appear Nov. 27th, as follows:—Jennie Johnson and Annie Victorelli, burlesquers; Mlle. Patti, *danseuse;* Fannie Velade and Josephine Walby, ditto. The accomplished gymnast, H. Victorelli, and his two sons; N. B. Shimer, Ethiopian comedian; Master Johnny, Dutch comedian, and Wallie and Tommy Jerome, double clog and gymnastic song and dance performers.

AT BERRY'S THEATRE COMIQUE, Wilkesbarre, Pa., the new appearances during the past week were those of Miss Kate and Master Brooks, Miss Victoria Ross, Alf. Miller, Little Josie, Jim Carton and Miss Laura Graham. By a card in another column it will be seen that lady vocalists, dancers and other performers are wanted.

MISS ADDIE SPRAGUE and Charles Adams were the only new faces at the Academy of Music, Nashville, Tenn., during the past week.

MRS. MAUDE SANYEAH presented her husband, Samuel Sanyeah, at Osterno, Mich., on Nov. 12th, with a fine little boy.

A. W. HALL will open a variety hall at the corner of Canal and Taylor streets, west side, Chicago, Ill., about Nov. 30th.

AT THE PHILADELPHIA VARIETIES, Prof. FOX made his first appearance on Nov. 20th, and gave some excellent imitations. Sam Cole, song and dance man, also put in an appearance on that date, but his efforts met with poor success in the way of applause. Kernell and Carroll, song and dance men, made their first appearance here on the evening of the 25th, and were favorably received. Miss Ida Vars, vocalist and *Soubrette*; Miss Blanche Stanley, serio comic vocalist; Billy McKown, clog dancer, and Red Cloud and his tribe of Indians in their war dance, are announced for Monday, Nov. 27th. The last week of George S. Knight is also announced, and the first week of the production of the extravaganza entitled "The Dutchman Among the Brahmins."

THE FRENCH TWIN SISTERS, only ten years of age, character dancers, have just concluded an engagement at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., where they were presented with two gold medals. Managers desiring their services can address as per advertisement.

JOHN AND WILLIAM VICTORELLI, acrobats, gymnasts and musical clowns, can be addressed through their agent, Morris Simmonds.

THE VARIETIES THEATRES in St. Louis, Mo., have been feeling the effects of the weather. At Deagles', the performance opened last week with an act entitled "Raising the Wind," followed by a semi-olio, comprising Miss Rosa Lee in comic songs, Katie Partington, a new arrival, who touched them up lively with a Virginia guitar. She is quite an expert on this instrument and nightly receives an unlimited share of applause. Mlle. Morlacchi, Mlle Antonino, clog horupipe by the favorites Cotton and Archer, after which Sig. Constantine's *ballet* of "La Diable a Quatre," which was finely danced by Mlle Idalie and the *corps de ballet*. Farron and Baker gave a German sketch, after which Miss Partington refreshed the multitude with a new and charming song and dance. Mlle. Jeanne Mazzeri also new with the company, performed a very graceful dance, and the performance concluded with Thompson's dramatization of "Bertha the Sewing Girl."..... At Carroll's, Ned Ainsley, song and dance man; C. H. Banks, comedian, and Miss May de Forrest, character vocalist, have been added to the company. A strong variety bill is nightly given, concluding with a neat little comedietta entitled "Effects of Early Rising," in which *la belle* Francis, female gymnast, has been added to the company. Louise Seymour, female club swinger, also put in her first appearance last night, and in her exercises is excellent. In part 2d, Master Willie Scott was very good in "I Love You." The statues by Raynor and Rogers were mirth provoking. "Pay Me what You Owe Me" concludes the performance by the entire company. So wrote our correspondent on Nov. 24th.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Springfield, Ill., business during the past week has been very fair. Johnny Buckton, comedian, continues a favorite. Harry Thompson, Dutch comedian, in his Dutch songs and dances, is good. Frank Steele and Mlle. Sallie took a farewell benefit on the 23d, on which occasion an excellent bill was offered, which was rendered in good style, and the house was large. Frank has been stage manager during his stay, and occupied the bone end in the first part, which positions will now be assumed by Harry Thompson. Lulu Cui um, in her songs, continue to please. So wrote our correspondent on Nov. 24th."

AT WILD'S OPERA HOUSE, SYRACUSE, N. Y., Harry Robinson has been the chief attraction; his performances being fresh and interesting, good houses have been the result of his engagement. Mr. Robinson has appeared nightly in two distinct acts, in one of which he performs on several musical instruments, ranging from a cornet to an empty oyster can. His solo on the French horn, or rather three horns, was an artistic performance. In another act he introduces numerous personalities which brought down the house with roars of laughter, and he was rewarded with several *encores*. Mrs. Fannie Archer as a comic vocalist and lightning changist is a great favorite here, and meets with hearty *encores* every night. Mr. H. W. Regan has assumed the stage management in place of Mr. R. V. Ferguson, who withdrew from the company last week. Mr. Regan has appeared to good advantage in several dramas during his week, chief among which were the "Poacher's Doom," "Jack Sheppard," etc. *La petite* Benson, Adele Farren, Josie Farren, Jennie Eagan, Jennie Benson, Tom Williams and N. B. Shimer have appeared each evening. So wrote our correspondent, Nov. 25th.

SAMBRANT & E. BURKE and Jimmy Quinn appeared for the first time this season at the Varieties Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 20th. Burke's champion drill is especially commendable, embracing many features which require long experience to successfully accomplish. Jimmy Quinn's banjo solos and negroisms evoke mirth and applause. The female minstrels retain their popularity. This week there are four end men—Johnson and Powers as bones, and Quinn and Sanford as tambos. Miss Powers, the tambo lady, is doing her act of walking head downward this week. She is as good as others who attempt this apparently difficult feat and receives a fair share of applause. Business good. A number of new people will be introduced next (this) week, among whom will be Caron and family, Murphy and Egbert, Mons. Nicolo and Miss Tilly Antonio. Gallie Fontainebleau goes to Boston next week, Johnson and Powers to Cincinnati, Hattie Ellis to Toledo and Sanford to New York. So wrote our correspondent on Nov. 24th.

AT THE VARIETIES, Peoria, Ill., E. M. Hall, whose first appearances was greeted with an overflowing house, which has not materially diminished, notwithstanding the oppo ition of the flight company, was the only new face the past week. He is a fine performer on the banjo, and his general performance is good. Miss Revere, who has been ill for some time, is again able to fill her accustomed place on the stage. Oglesby and Spence in their double clog, are still favorites. Miss Maud De Lisle closes her engagement on the 25th, and goes hence to Philadelphia. Mlle. Leoline in her fancy dances is nightly received; Messrs. Bowman and Harris in their comic eccentricities, keep the audience in good humor, and are very popular.

THE WATSON BROTHERS' COMBINATION appeared at Utica, Nov. 25th, and gave an excellent entertainment. The horizontal bar and the "Three Flying Men of the Air," as done by the Watson Brothers, were deserving of commendation. The Freeman Sisters, who were billed to appear with this company, did not put in an appearance, they having failed to comply with their contract with the Watsons, it is alleged.

AT FIELDING'S OPERA HOUSE, Toledo, O., Mollie Macy and Billy Allen put in an appearance on Monday, the 20th, and speedily ingratiated themselves into favor. Maggie Fielding returns from Cleveland on Monday, Nov. 27th. The old favorites, West, Malbolt, Dollie Sherman and Nellie Heywood are retained, and are doing their share to make up a very fair performance.

MANAGER MONTPELIER presented during the past week to the variety going people of Cleveland, O., another host of artists, consisting of Lottie Hamilton, Bonnie Nelson, the Bonner Family (Belle,

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COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA,
FOR RENT.
Address the Proprietor, JOHN DOHANY.
35-13t*

WANTED—A SITUATION AS Contortionist and Leaper with any Circus in the United States. Address JOHN JEFFREY, 441 West Twenty-sixth street, N. Y.
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WANTED,
A First Class VIOLIN AND E FLAT BUGLE PLAYER, to lead and instruct a BRASS AND STRING BAND.
For particulars, address C. BICKERTON,
35-1t* Care of Clipper Office.

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Devereaux's make. Took first prize at Paris Exposition, 1854. Price $60. Address or call on ED. JAMES, N. Y. Clipper Building. [34-4t

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Is at liberty to engage with all first class managers, after Nov. 30th.
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A FIRST VIOLINIST, COMPOSER AND ARRANGER, WANTS AN ENGAGEMENT,
TO TRAVEL WITH A RESPONSIBLE MANAGER.
Can Furnish a Large Quantity of First-class Orchestra Music; would also like to furnish a CLARIONETTE PLAYER and a DOUBLE BASS PLAYER. Address stating salary,
35-1t* FRED WHITE, Plympton, Mass.

WANTED, TO PURCHASE,
DANCING BARREL AND GLOBE,
JUGGLING BALLS AND KNIVES
AND BALANCING SWORD.
35-1t* Address JUGGLER, Clipper Office.

SHIEL BARRY,
THE GREAT IRISH COMEDIAN,
FROM THE THEATRES ROYAL ADELPHI AND PRINCESS', LONDON, ENGLAND,
WILL ARRIVE IN NEW YORK ABOUT THE 1ST OF JANUARY, 1872.
[Lord o' Times, Nov. 27th, 1871.
PRINCESS' THEATRE, LONDON.
The Irish comedy, "Handy Andy," has been re produced, in which MR. SHIEL BARRY displays his remarkable talent in the enactment of the hero. MR. BARRY IS UNDISPUTABLY THE BEST IRISH ACTOR THAT HAS BEEN SEEN IN LONDON FOR MANY YEARS. He is droll without grimace, and is full of rich humor. His face is expressive, and there is a rollicking slyness about him which bears the true Milesian stamp. The audience laugh with him from beginning to end, and enjoy the overflowing fun of the piece with great gusto.
MR. BARRY brings new pieces, expressly written for him, and opens at Wood's Museum New York city, Jan. 8th, 1872. For further particulars and engagements address T. MORRIS,
35-1t* Wood's Museum, New York city.

THE ST. FELIX
(LE PETITE PARISIENNES SISTERS) INFANT BALLET TROUPE, four in number, have concluded their engagement at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, and can be engaged through
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NOTICE TO CIRCUS MANAGERS—E. HOLLOWAY AND JEANNETTE ARMSTRONG, Principal Equestrians, can be engaged for the ensuing season. Address E. HOLLOWAY, care of John Gannon, corner of Fourteenth street and Third avenue, New York. 35-1t*

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W. C. MITCHELL ..... SOLE MANAGER
Having leased the above popular place of amusement, the management desires to state that a strictly first class entertainment will be at all times presented and every novelty presented in rapid succession, and respectfully solicits their patronage.
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Characters, Comedy Nig and two Straight Feeders.
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The above hall is now completed, furnished and ready to accommodate parties desiring to rent the same for Theatres, Lectures, or any kind of Exhibition. The hall is commodious and well ventilated, and has a good stage and new scenery. Address
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Large brick and stone fire proof building. Parquet, dress circle and gallery. Will hold $1,200.
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FIRST CLASS STARS,
OPERA COMPANIES
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Can be engaged. Has his own horse. Address
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In their wonderful
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TRIPLE ENCORES NIGHTLY.
RE-ENGAGEMENT ONE MORE WEEK,
COMMENCING MONDAY, NOV. 27th,
32-1t AT THE ST. JAMES THEATRE, BOSTON.

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RESUSCITATED BY
E. D. DAVIES,
PREMIER VENTRILOQUIST OF THE WORLD,
From the Royal Polytechnic and Crystal Palace, London, now giving his original entertainment, entitled ANECDOTES AND ADVENTURES OF THE FUNNIEST OF FUNNY FOLKS, at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass.
OPINIONS OF NEW YORK PRESS.—ST. JAMES THEATRE, Broadway.—The second part of the performance was devoted to the ventriloquist eccentricities of Mr. E. D. Davies, and a more amusing or varied entertainment we have rarely witnessed. The rapidity of his vocal transitions are wonderful, and, to be duly appreciated, must be seen. He made the house ring with the peals of laughter he evoked, and we have no hesitation in prophesying for him a brilliant career in America.—New York Herald, Oct. 9th, 1871.
Mr. E. D. Davies (his first appearance in America) who created the greatest excitement ever made by an artiste of that description in this city, from the opening of the box containing his two protégés, Tommy and Joey, till the curtain fell upon his rendering a quintette by himself, he kept the audience in one perpetual state of laughter and mirth.—New York Dispatch, Oct. 29th, 1871.
All letters addressed to Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., till Nov. 10th, or Clipper office, New York. 35-1t

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CIRCUS MANAGERS,
MR. JAMES MAGUIRE,
CLOWN
AND COMIC VOCALIST,
is at liberty to negotiate with responsible managers for the coming season of 1872. Address P. O. Box 743, Albany, N. Y. 35-3t*

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WOOSTER ST.,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
GOOD ROOMS AND BOARD
AT REASONABLE PRICES.
AGENTS AND SHOWMEN
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35-2t Proprietor.

THE ONLY.
THE INIMITABLE
CHAMPION FEMALE CLOG DANCER
OF THE WORLD,
JENNIE BENSON,
Now playing a four weeks engagement at Wild's Opera House, Syracuse, N. Y., opens on December 4th at Chapin's Varieties, Reading, Pa., for two weeks, will be at liberty after the 18th. Also, LA PETITE BENSON, THE WONDER OF THE AGE. The following is from the Syracuse Daily Courier:"—The infant prodigy, La Petite Benson, during her eastern tour, since last here, created the most intense furore at some of the largest theatres. She was tendered a complimentary benefit at the St. James, in Boston, during her last week there."
The press, speaking of the occasion, said:—"The elite of the city turned out en masse, so that at an early hour standing room only was discarded at the box office. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed during her extraordinary Highland Fling Mélange, and when retiring for the last time she was nearly hemmed in by bouquets and baskets of flowers."
All communications must be addressed to JAMES FISH,
35-1t* Care of CLIPPER Office.

THE SENSATION
MILITARY DRAMA,
THE OLD FLAG;
OR,
THE SPY OF NEWBERN.
Now meeting with
UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS.
For Open Dates, address UNTIL DEC. 7TH,
33-1t* A. A. LEWIS, Milford, Mass.

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BROOKLYN.
MANAGERS ..... CARROLL & McCLOSKEY
ACTING MANAGER ..... J. W. CARROLL
STAGE MANAGER ..... J. J. McCLOSKEY
Engagement of the celebrated Child Actress,
"LITTLE ALBERTA,"
who stands unrivalled as a Danseuse, Songstress and Banjo Soloist, in McCloskey's drama (written expressly for her), "BERTA THE MIDGET." Extra Matinee Thanksgiving Day. 35-1t*

A CARD.
RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 18th, 1871.—TO THE PROPRIETOR OF VIRGINIA HALL.—DEAR SIR,—Having just concluded an engagement at your cozy little hall, I take pleasure in recommending it to those who may visit Richmond for amusement purposes. Our audiences were composed of the most fashionable people of the city, thus demonstrating that Virginia Hall is the place for first class entertainments. [35-1t*] HARRY WATKINS.

HENRY VICTORELLI
AND FAMILY,
The great Acrobats and Gymnasts, and MISS A. BRADDON, the Star London Vocalist, have made another big hit at Scranton, Pa. Address care of this office. 35-1t*

CARD
TO THE CITIZENS
OF MERIDEN
and the
PROFESSION GENERALLY.
LICENSE IMPOSITION
on the
DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS,
BY ONE JOHN H. BARIO,
CITY CLERK,
OF MERIDEN, CONN.
Troupes will make a note of the following:—
We gave an entertainment at the above named city on Saturday evening, Nov. 18th and after the doors had been opened a few minutes the above mentioned city clerk presented the License Bill, $5, for that evening's entertainment, and in addition to the above regular license he demanded a lot of dead head tickets, which I immediately refused to give him, saying he had no right or claim upon us whatever for dead head tickets, to be used for his own personal benefit or for the benefit of others, in addition to charging the usual License and I said I considered it an imposition for city officials to resort to anything of that kind. Thereupon he threatened to charge more licenses and give me trouble, which threats were carried out by making another new license bill for three dollars more than the regular usual amount of license charged to other parties. He then said the demand of dead head tickets was not his doings, but the Board of Selectmen's request, &c. Then I said, "If so, they are as guilty of imposition as you are." This card is not published for the mere overcoming of the three dollars but simply for the principal attached to it and in my opinion I doubt very much if the good citizens of Meriden are aware of such conduct from their city officials toward the traveling profession. I your city officials want amusement let them pay for it like men. Mr. John H. Bario should honor his position as city clerk more and not disgrace it as in the above instance.
Meriden, you have a Town Hall to rent at $35 per night, including license, and if such impositions are allowed it will drive away your tenants, which is against the direct interest of your city. Good citizens of Meriden, see that you put in office a gentleman for city clerk, who will work for the interest of your young, enterprising city, instead of
FOR DEAD HEAD TICKETS
AT YOUR EXPENSE.
WHO WILL BE THE NEXT VICTIM?
Yours truly, CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager
35-1t Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels.

MANAGERS, ATTENTION!
A GOOD JIG, IRISH JIG AND SONG AND DANCE PERFORMER,
with a good stage wardrobe, would like an opening on the stage in a traveling or stationary variety troupe. Address, stating terms,
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New Scenery on flats, painted by Tryon. Seats 500. Stage and auditorium splendidly lighted. Dressing rooms, &c.
TO FIRST CLASS COMPANIES,
RENT, INCLUDING LICENSE, JANITOR, &c.,
AT $25 PER SINGLE NIGHT,
OR $20 TWO OR MORE NIGHTS.
Address CONANT & CO.,
Lessees and Managers.
PARIS, Nov. 21st, 1871.
MESSRS. CONANT & CO.—SIRS,—Having performed in your hall, allow me to say that our company consider it to be one of the best arranged and most convenient halls found in this section of the country. Respectfully yours, W. W. FOWLER,
35-1t* Business Manager of Berger Family Bell Ringers.

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FOR GENERAL EXHIBITION WORK,
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1,000 WOOD CUTS,
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NO CHARGE MADE FOR USE OF CUTS.
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A NEW STYLE OF SHOW BILLS for Circuses and Menageries is just finished, to which the attention of Managers and Agents is especially invited. The horses and figures in these bills are all drawn in life-size, with an effect, and colored in a style of brilliancy far surpassing anything of the kind ever seen in this or any other country; also Programmes printed in beautifully variegated colors by the newly invented CHROMATIC PRESS, and can be afforded at prices not little above the ordinary cost of plain black work.
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THE GREAT CHAMPION COMIQUE,
Having concluded a most successful tour of eighteen months in Canada, is now on his second tour through Maine. Commences a starring engagement on Nov. 20th, at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, for two weeks. A few vacant dates. Lowest terms, two hundred dollars per week. Address this office.
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THIS SPLENDID HALL,
SITUATED IN THE
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has been thoroughly re-fitted, the stage enlarged and sixteen new changes of scenery have been added. Seats 1,000.
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MANUFACTURER OF TENTS, FLAGS AND AWNINGS.
N. B.—A New Oblong Tent on hand. For sale cheap 36x66.
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IMPORTANT TO MANAGERS, ACTORS AND AMATEURS.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
THEATRICAL WIGS IN AMERICA
can be had of the makers, SCHMIDT & FOOTNER,
(From Bow street, London,) 21 East Houston street.
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For many years, and during the past season, connected with Van Amburgh and Co.'s great Golden Menagerie, with
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whose wonderful feats upon LA PERCH, CORDE ELASTIQUE, GYMNASTIC and other exercises have always created UNIVERSAL MERRIMENT, ASTONISHMENT AND ADMIRATION, together with his unsurpassed troupe of the most thoroughly educated dogs, and his astonishing performing goat, will be ready to accept engagements on or about Dec. 25th, 1871, with first class variety theatres; also, for the season of '72, with circus. Address
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FIRST CLASS VARIETY TALENT
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THE EMINENT
VENTRILOQUIST AND POLYFONIST,
with his inimitable automatons, ventriloquial imitations of animals, birds, insects &c., can be engaged. Address care of Clipper office. To accomplish ventriloquism with an automaton upon the lap or standing near by it, so as to prevent the audience from locating the sound and talking imperfectly without a very perceptible movement of the muscles of the face, is, of course, comparatively easy, requiring only a little practice, and such ventriloquism is very common throughout this country. During Mr. Kenyon's twenty years' practice and extensive travel he has always given the following definition of ventriloquism as his opening address:—Ventriloquism is the power of imitating voices, sounds or noises, as if they were extraneous and not originating in the utterer, but as if some other person was speaking in some other place. 34-3t*

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A buss for the accommodation of the show fraternity, will run to and from the Academy of Music, FREE of charge. 34-3t*

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This new and magnificent hall is now completed and open for all first class companies. Stage, 16x28 with new scenery by R. Tryon; trains and all modern conveniences; lighted with gas; two entrances. Hall seated with chairs. A first class company wanted at once to open the hall. Nothing there for two months. Parties wanting to negotiate for opening week address WM. H. FOSDICK, Amboy Hall, Amboy, Ill. 34-4t*

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To let weekly, or arrangements made to share with complete entertainments. [33-12t] J. W. BUCKLAND, Montreal.

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Engagements open for
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Stating business and lowest salary. 34-2t*

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for a season of twenty months, a good
FEMALE IMPERSONATOR,
to do a little Prima Donna business, play in farces, sing character songs in female short dress, and go in the first part to sing in choruses. Must be strictly temperate and reliable, and have a GOOD VOICE AND WARDROBE.
Salary sure weekly, but only to merit. Address
Apply, stating lowest terms, to Springfield, Mass., until 25th November; Albany, N. Y., until Dec. 4th, to
C. H. DUPREZ, Manager.
P. S.—This is the only minstrel troupe that supports two female impersonators. 34-2t*

MR. HENRI DRAYTON
Will appear at the
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Incidental to which he will sing Child's Great Dramatic Song,
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THE GREAT SENSATIONAL CHILD RIDER,
late of Sheldenburg's Circus and Menagerie, intend to reside in Frankford this winter, for the purpose of practising. All desiring to communicate can address W. C. BROWN,
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To proprietor of Dowling Hall, Terre Haute, Ind.

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DEAR SIR.—We have occupied your splendid hall two nights, and find it all that could be desired for completeness, comfort and convenience. It has no superior west of Cincinnati. We cordially recommend it to those who seek a first class hall at reasonable charges. BURT & RIDGWAY, Managers of B. & R.'s Minstrels.
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WITH A GOOD VOICE,
and of fine personal appearance, would like to get an engagement in some Variety Theatre. Has had no experience, but can learn quickly. Address, with particulars, MISS BELLE ROSS,
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IT SEATS FROM 650 TO 1,000 PERSONS
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Price a vary from $2.50 to 20—less 10 per cent. for more than one evening, which includes gas heating and a janitor.
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Combinations of merit can always receive
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NOW IN LONDON, ENGLAND,
Is especially engaged in procuring foreign talent expressly for this theatre.
Artists can confer personally with our
SPECIAL NEW YORK AGENT,
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